

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 15, NO. 36.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, OCT. 28, 1897.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

It Pays to Investigate.

Don't be influenced altogether by prices.
Investigate well the merit of the goods you buy.

IN DRY GOODS

Our Line is More Complete than ever before. We carry the Best display of Linings in the city.

John L. Clark's Thread
—200 Yard Spools, 2 for 5 cents.

NEW IDEA PATTERNS
Always 10 cents each.

C. M. & W. W. FENELON
Cor. Brown and Davenport Streets.

Talk is Cheap

and that is about the only thing that is really cheap in some places. We never talk simply to hear ourselves talk, because we know what we are talking about. When we say there is no firm in this city that sells All Goods as cheap as we do we know it to be a fact. If somebody should offer you an article a few cents less than we are offering it is not saying it is sold cheaper because it is not the same goods. When you are talking about prices do not lose sight of the quality. We do not propose to give you goods for less than cost. We can't afford.

Do not forget that if anybody gets something for nothing somebody else has got to pay for it and you do not know but what that somebody is you.

Borrow from Peter to pay Paul is not our way of doing business, but our way is to do right by and treat all alike by selling them good goods at smaller margin than any store in the city.

Cash Department Store,

Originator and promoter of the One Price System, enabling a child to buy as cheaply as its mother, which others are imitating but are only imitators.

A NEW MILL.

The Fall & Gilligan Saw Mill to be Re-built.

As soon as settlement can be made with the insurance companies, work will be commenced on a new mill to take the place of the one recently destroyed by fire. This statement is authorized by Mr. H. J. Fall, of the above company, who stated that it was his intention to re-build, probably within a month's time, providing satisfactory settlement be made with the insurance adjusters. Mr. Fall stated that the new mill would be equipped with a band and resaw and a double battery independent of the edger. This mill, though smaller, would equal the old one in cutting capacity and could be worked at a great saving in power, much loss being occasioned in the old mill by friction, the boilers and engine being too far removed from the saws. The new mill will be built in a compact manner and in this respect will be far ahead of the old one.

The company has sawing contracts for six seasons ahead and 20,000,000 feet of logs to work on the coming summer.

C. E. Cleveland, of the Phoenix Iron Works, of Eau Claire, was in the city Friday in conference with Messrs. Gilligan and Fall. Mr. Cleveland furnished most of the equipment for the original Butterick mill and will undoubtedly do his best to place the new outfit. The Rhinelander Iron Co., representing one of the largest mill supply firms in the country, will also endeavor to secure the contract.

Policeman Doyle a Fighter.

Policeman Doyle and Asmundson rounded up six hoboes Sunday night, all of the very tough order. They were almost hard enough to eat spikes and among their number there was one who could fight. The gang was gathered in near the "Soo" depot about nine o'clock, and were started on the way to the stone house on Davenport street to spend the night. The men made use of all the vile epithets in their vocabulary on the road to the jail and took particular pains to use them whenever ladies were met. Upon arriving near the arc light, near the bridge, one of the roughest acting of the crowd asked Maurice Doyle if he would fight him. He wanted his liberty and was willing to whip Maurice to get it. Maurice has always been obliging to his captives and he pulled his coat and told the tramp to "come on." The tramp made a pass at him and was knocked down. He got up and tried it again, with the same result, and when he regained his feet had all the fight he wanted. Upon arriving at the lock-up the fellow made a dive for the door and was so anxious to get in that he nearly broke his shoulder. It is said that every tramp traveling this circuit is acquainted with Policeman Doyle's description and it is only on special occasions that one of the gentry has nerve enough to seek trouble.

Fuller House Lighted by Gas.

Electric lights were turned out and gas jets turned on in the Fuller House Tuesday night. It being the advent of the new gas machine with which the hotel will be lighted in the future. The hotel is fitted with one hundred lights, those in the dining room, bar room, office and parlor being supplied with Welsbach burners. The light produced is of the clear white order and very pretty. Carls bearing the warning "Don't blow out the gas, turn it out" are promiscuous in the sleeping rooms. Mr. Coon is well pleased with the new apparatus. E. L. Dimick furnished the machine and fittings and did the work on the job.

Ten Cars a Day.

In a notice last week relative to the Flambeau Lumber Co., this paper was made to say that the company shipped three car loads of lumber per day. It should have read ten cars a day. The Flambeau mill is a big one and ships the latter amount easily. Cars bearing the big red carls of this company may be seen any night on the North-Western tracks enroute to southern points. Their shipments through here have been so large as to excite comment from people interested in the industry.

Notice.

I wish to inform those to whom I am indebted to present their bills to me on or before Nov. 1, as I shall leave the city after that date to engage in business elsewhere.

MISS A. E. DELHANTY.

JEFFRIS MILL FIRE.

The Saw Mill of the O. K. Jeffris Lumber Co., at Jeffris, burned Monday.

E. R. Van Gilder, travelling representative for the O. K. Jeffris Lumber Co., arrived here Monday night with the news that his firm's saw mill had been totally destroyed by fire that afternoon at two o'clock.

The fire seemed to start in the top of the mill. A car was being loaded with camp supplies on a siding and the planing mill was in full operation, the engine running the latter being supplied with steam from the saw mill boilers. Nearly all the men were in camp, the company having two in operation, and but a small number remained at the mill. The fire made amazing headway and traveled from one end of the mill to the other so rapidly that the alarm whistle could not be blown. Everything was done that could be, however, and the lumber and tramways were saved. The smoke stack was built up from the ground and did not suffer material damage.

The mill was originally built in the winter of 1891 and once before passed through the fiery ordeal, being destroyed in the spring of '95. Much of the machinery in the mill had passed through that fire, and the scorching of Monday about finished its usefulness. The mill was a single rotary, with two shingle machines and shipped about three cars of lumber daily when in operation. The loss incurred is placed at \$15,000 with an insurance of \$10,000. It is very likely that it will be re-built at once owing to the interests of the company in that section.

Mr. Van Gilder was accompanied to Jeffris by John Didier, of the Rhinelander Iron Co., who appraised the value of the machinery and placed an estimate on a new equipment.

Eggs Should Never Be Boiled.

"Eggs should never be boiled at all," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "Allow four eggs to each quart of boiling water. Put the water in a kettle first, then carefully with a spoon drop in the eggs, cover the saucepan and keep it where the water will remain at 160° Fahrenheit for five minutes. The whites will be slightly coagulated and in a creamy condition; the yolks cooking at a lower temperature will be slightly congealed. If the water boils the whites will be hardened and rendered indigestible. If the quantity of water is lessened, or the number of eggs increased, a longer time must be allowed, or the water kept at a higher temperature, say 185° Fahrenheit, but the former proportions are much better."

A Fine Residence.

Giles Coon began to move his household effects into his new residence yesterday. The house is one of the finest in the city and is finished in the very best of woods, red oak on the first floor and light oak graining on the second. Heat is furnished the building by a Gilt Edge furnace. The house is fitted with a complete sanitary equipment and will be lighted by electricity. The carpenter work was done by D. A. Killo and Geo. W. Beers, the outside painting by Frank Brouette and the interior finish by Geo. Jewell and Frank Brouette. The appearance of the house, both outside and in, reflects great credit on the men who had charge of the work.

Rhinelander Ships Potatoes.

The finest carload of potatoes to be shipped from this city was sent out Tuesday by Daniel Sullivan, who forwarded a shipment of five hundred bushels of the Early Ohio variety to Lac du Flambeau. Mr. Sullivan has in the neighborhood of one thousand bushels more of the same kind. About the first shipment of tubers to be made from here was that of Crane, Fenelon & Co., who sent a car load to the same place about two weeks ago. Alex. Melroe is also engaged in the potato business. He shipped a car of fine ones to the Ross Lumber Co., at Arbor Vitae last week.

Notice.

Mrs. Jos. Forsyth is desirous of organizing a class in vocal and instrumental music and will have rooms over Beers' store especially fitted for instruction. Particulars in detail to those desirous of taking lessons in either branch will be furnished on application. Mrs. J. Forsyth.

Boy Wanted.

Boy Wanted—To learn Jeweler's trade. Must be of good parentage, honest and trustworthy.

J. SEGERSTROM.

A Little Bloak Talk.



This natty cape is gotten up in a very fine black Kersey 30 inches long. It has a large storm collar and is elaborately embroidered as shown in cut. We think this an exceptionally good cape at \$8.50.

This cut represents one of the finest coats we have in stock. It is a black Kersey lined throughout with a good quality Satin Rhadina. Patch Pockets Large Storm Collar and is 27 inches long. \$10 is the price. It's cheap at that.



\$4.95 for this cape. Every one says it is very cheap. It's a good Seal Plush 24 inches long, nicely braided. Large Storm Collar and elaborately lined. Collar is edged with Thibet.

We have some very pretty Russian Blouses in stock in Black Boucle or English Curl. Half lined with Roman Stripes, nicely trimmed. These we are selling at \$10 and \$12. Do not fail to see them.

We have a good double breasted jacket, sizes 32 to 40, in Black Wool Serge at \$2.75.



A coat like this in Black Boucle 28 inches long, Half Lined, Large Storm Collar. A very pretty garment at \$6.50.

We have in stock Children's and Misses' Jackets from \$1.68 to \$10, in sizes 4 years to 18 years. This is the most attractive line of garments that we have ever shown.



We have the long garments from 4 years to 14 years, price \$2.75 up.

IT'S A FACT.

We are selling the genuine Henderson Corset that others get 98c for at 69c.

Brown Street.

IRVIN GRAY.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.
RHINELANDER. - WISCONSIN.

Mrs. E. A. Reed, an American woman, who has done considerable translation in Persian and Hindoo literature, has just been made a member of the London Royal Asiatic society.

SEAWEED, though not the diet for an epicure, is, when dry, richer than oatmeal or Indian corn in nitrogenous constituents, and takes rank among the most nutritious of vegetable foods.

PRESIDENT ALFRED COOKING, of the Second national bank of Colfax, Wash., has raised an immense quantity of wheat this season, and sold it at a rate equaling \$1.20 an acre, while the land itself could not have been sold at any time these past three years at \$10 an acre.

NOVELIST W. D. HOWELLS, who is now in Paris homeward bound from a German tour, said the other day: "I think in Holland you feel the atmosphere of a former republic. The Dutch seem a very free people, and England accepted, I think one feels more at home there than in any other country in Europe."

A CITIZEN just returned from Paris describes a very ingenious device that has been adopted there for the use in cabs. It is a register that indicates the exact distance automatically the cab travels on a trip, and at the end displays the amount of the legal fare for that distance for the information of the passenger.

ELECTRICITY is used to heat a new station, the iron being made hollow and having a metallic core, layers of resistance wire arranged on the core and insulated therefrom, and a metallic strip between the layers of wire in contact with the base plate to be heated, the current being obtained from an ordinary incandescent light socket.

THE Sudan expedition, while engaged in laying the new Nile railway, have seen some remarkable mirages. From a distance the men appeared to be working into a beautiful lake, and on all sides were to be seen lakes, beautifully wooded hills, ships and cascades. When looked at through field glasses the illusion was heightened rather than diminished.

ACCORDING to the annual report of the New England Railroad Co. it pays to substitute electricity for steam. Where it has been tried by that company, between two or three stations, half hourly trains were run instead of the infrequent steam passenger trains, and as a result the passenger traffic was quadrupled in a short period, was run up from 75,000 to 300,000.

A WISCONSIN inventor has built an aerial machine to be used in exploding bombs to destroy war vessels, which can be carried by a balloon, kite or an airship. When the machine is directed over a ship a magnetic needle is attracted by the ship and assumes a vertical position to complete an electric circuit and draws the bolt which holds the bomb in place, thus allowing it to drop on the deck of the vessel.

It is said that hotel porters in Europe keep each other posted as to the tipping habits of travelers by the way they paste labels on their bags. A label pasted on the right hand lower corner of a bag indicates that the owner is "mean," that he is no tipper; when pasted in the upper left-hand corner it signifies that he is liberal in his tips, and, when in the center of the bag, that he will tip generously, but insists upon being well served.

CEMENT pipes are made cheaply by an ingenious process devised by a French inventor. A trench is dug and the bottom filled with cement mortar; on this is placed a rubber tube covered with canvas and inflated; the trench is then filled up with cement. As soon as this is set the air is let out of the rubber tube, which is then removed and used again in another section. By this method six-inch pipes have been made at a cost of 22 cents a yard.

ELLEN JULIA BLIXT was divorced at Minneapolis, Minn., the other morning from Claus A. Blixt, the man who is now serving his life sentence in the state penitentiary for the fatal blow which killed Katherine Gilling. Mrs. Blixt appeared with her attorney, Frank M. Nye, but there was no evidence given outside of that of Mrs. Blixt herself, and the criminal record showing that her husband had been committed to the state penitentiary. Mrs. Blixt was allowed her maiden name, Anderson.

THE Munchener Nachrichten records the experience of a young German who undertook to establish a kissing record. He gained his sweetheart's consent, the terms being that he should take 10,000 kisses from her lips in ten hours, with a brief interval for refreshments every half hour. Umpires were appointed and the attempt to make the record began. The young man scored 7,000 kisses in the first hour and 1,000 in the second. He had reached 750 in the third hour when his lips were paralyzed and he became unconscious.

To graduate a thermometer the instrument is put into melting snow and a mark is made opposite to the end of the column of mercury in the tube. This is called the freezing point. Next the instrument is surrounded with the vapor of water boiling under the standard pressure of the atmosphere, and a mark is made opposite to the end of the column of mercury in the tube. This is called the boiling point. The space on the tube between the marks which denote the freezing point and the boiling point may be divided into any number of equal parts which is convenient.

FINDS NO VERDICT.

The Luetgert Murder Trial Results in a Mistrial.

The Jury, After Hearing Out Sixty-Six Hours, Stood Alike to Three for Conviction—History of the Case.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—The gray light of a cool autumn morning struggled through the big windows of Judge Tuttle's court Thursday as Adolph L. Luetgert, the man who has been on trial on the charge of murdering his wife and boiling her body in a vat, heard from the foreman of the 12 men who considered his case for 66 hours, the words: "We are unable to agree upon a verdict."

Division of the Jury.
The 12 men were divided into two groups. For conviction and the death penalty—Hickok, Bory, Bibby, Mahoney, Heubler, Hosmer, Shaw, Fransen and Fowler. For acquittal—Harley, Holabird and Barber.

In reply to a question by the judge, Foreman Hickok said that the jury had not agreed upon a verdict, and that it was his firm belief that there was



ADOLPH L. LUETGERT.

no prospect of an agreement. The jury stood nine for conviction and three for acquittal, and had stood that way for 33 hours, and there had not been a solitary change in the vote within that period.

The court then asked the attorneys for the state, the attorneys for the defense and Luetgert what they thought of the situation. All responded that in their opinion the jury was not able to reach an agreement. Then Judge Tuttle said: "The court thinks so, too," and turning to the jury dismissed it and remanded the defendant.

LUETGERT'S STATEMENT.

Makes an Affidavit That He Did Not Kill His Wife.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—The Associated Press has obtained one great feature missing in the famous Luetgert trial—the sworn testimony of the defendant himself, Adolph L. Luetgert. His affidavit was put in writing, in due legal form, is certified to by a notary, and is as follows:

"To the Public:—The result of my trial is a victory for me, because of the disagreement of the jury, but I am very much disappointed and very much surprised that the jury did not bring in a verdict of not guilty. I did not kill my wife, and do not know where she is. I am sure that it is only a question of time until she returns. I did not go upon the witness stand because my lawyer, Judge Vincent, was bitterly opposed to my doing so, and because he advised that it was not necessary. I am grateful for the tremendous change in public sentiment in my favor, and time will demonstrate that I am not only an innocent but a grievously wronged man."

"ADOLPH L. LUETGERT."
"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of October, A. D. 1917."
"M. F. Sullivan, Notary Public."

HISTORY OF THE CASE.

Arrest and Trial of Luetgert on a Charge of Murder.
The case in which Adolph L. Luetgert has figured as defendant is one of the most



MRS. LOUISE LUETGERT.

remarkable in the history of criminal jurisprudence.

Mrs. Louise Luetgert, who was formerly Miss Bicknese, disappeared from her home on the evening of Saturday, May 1, some time after eight o'clock. She was last seen, according to the evidence, sitting in a back room off the kitchen of her home on Hermitage avenue about the hour mentioned, partially dressed, as if preparing to retire for the night, and reading a newspaper. She did not come down to breakfast next morning, but this was not considered remarkable, as she often slept late. On Sunday morning the big sausage manufacturer, his children and Mary Siemerling, the servant of the family, took breakfast together, and not a word was spoken or a reference made to Mrs. Luetgert. Her husband was busy that day, it seems about the factory, and spent very little of the time at home. He came in for dinner at midday and was joined at the meal by his partner, William Charles, and a money-lender named Arnold, from whom, as the story goes, he was trying to obtain help in his financial difficulties. The day passed with the usual Sunday routine of circumstances at the Luetgert home, except that Mrs. Luetgert was not there. No fuss was made about her absence, and no effort to find her. Thus days went on, and Adolph L. Luetgert went to work, and said never a word to the police about his missing wife. On May 4, Dietrich Bicknese, the woman's brother, who had been apprised of her disappearance, notified the police, and a search was begun. Detective Schaeck and Capt. Schuetzler had officers scour the neighborhood for days, searching every room and cranny, seeing friends of the woman, finally dragging the river, thinking she had suffered the fate of many others in similar cases.

Inquiries about the Luetgert factory and among the sausage maker's employees revealed some circumstances occurring on the night of May 1 which threw suspicion

on the husband of the missing woman, and he was arrested May 11 at one o'clock in the afternoon by officers Decker and Queller. It was discovered that Luetgert was alone in the basement that night, and the steam was turned full on the middle vat, in which a quantity of crude potash had been placed the day before. The police in their search found in the debris taken from the vat a number of bones, which they thought were human, and two gold rings with the initials "L. L." on one of them, also a false tooth and other articles, which led them to believe that a murder had been committed.

Luetgert was on trial before Justice Kerton May 19, and a continuance was taken to the 23d. On May 29 he was held to the criminal court. An indictment was returned against him by the grand jury on June 4. On a habeas corpus proceeding Judge Gibbons, June 12, the court denied bail.

SPAIN'S SHARP REPLY.

Will Not Allow Any Foreign Power to Interfere in Her Affairs.

Madrid, Oct. 22.—In the special note to United States Minister Woodford the government declares that Spain has done all in her power to end the war in Cuba and cites the many sacrifices which have been made by the nation, the number of troops sent to Cuba and the reforms which are to be carried out in the island, and which are fully described. The communication is courteous in tone, but very determined in rejecting the substance of the American note. Spain resolutely asserts her determination to settle the Cuban question herself without foreign assistance or interference of any kind. She declines to fix any date for the pacification of Cuba, which she proposes to bring about as she sees fit by force of arms and by political reforms culminating in autonomy combined. While regretting the losses and damages the insurrection has inflicted on foreign residents, Spain argues that it would not have happened if international law had been observed by the United States. The note ends with the statement that "Spain will not admit the right of any foreign power to interfere in any of her affairs."

UNCLE SAM'S ARMY.

Gen. Miles Commends Its Efficiency and Makes Recommendations.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Gen. Miles, commanding general of the army, has made his annual report to the secretary of war. A synopsis follows:

"He commends the efficiency of the army and speaks of the progress that has been made on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts in the matter of fortifications. He asks that congress authorize two more regiments of artillery to garrison the new fortifications, and also five additional regiments of infantry. He desires considerable attention to Alaska, and says the waters of Alaska should be thoroughly examined by the naval forces and that there should be at least three military posts established in the territory to support the civil authorities. He refers to the considerable attention of the Indian and recommends that the policy of employing army officers as Indian agents be continued. He makes recommendations in detail for the protection of coast points and says that the maximum peace footing of the army should be one regiment to every 100,000 population, and the minimum one to every 2,000.

YERKES' GREAT GIFT.

The Big Telescope Presented to the University of Chicago.

Williams Bay, Wis., Oct. 22.—Charles T. Yerkes' splendid gift is now in the possession of the University of Chicago. Shortly after noon yesterday Mr. Yerkes formally presented to President William R. Harper the keys of the observatory which contain the Yerkes telescope, which is the greatest in the world. The diameter of the opening is one-ninth larger and the light-gathering power nearly one-fourth greater than that of the famous Lick telescope at Mount Hamilton, in California, until now the most powerful glass in the world.

DYING BY THOUSANDS.

Terrible Mortality Is Reported from Unhappy Cuba.

Havana, Oct. 22.—A local newspaper says that at Chacababa, in the district of San Julian, belonging to the municipality of Sienra Del Sur, there were concentrated 2,500 persons. These reconcentrados were the only inhabitants of the place. Now there are only five survivors; the rest died of hunger and fever. In Havana city it is no unusual sight to see ten or a dozen dead on one plaza early in the morning. The authorities employ regular roundsmen to remove the bodies from the parks.

Dana Laid to Rest.

New York, Oct. 21.—At the base of a tall, rugged locust tree in the highest part of the churchyard of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church at Glen Cove, L. I., all that was mortal of the late Charles Anderson Dana was buried shortly after noon Wednesday. The funeral services were simple, in strict accordance with Mr. Dana's expressed wish.

Miss Willard Re-elected.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 22.—At the biennial convention of the World's W. C. T. U. in this city Miss Frances E. Willard, of Evanston, Ill., was re-elected president. All the other officers were also re-elected.

The Greatest Evil.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 22.—At the National Christian Missionary convention in this city resolutions were adopted declaring the saloon the greatest evil confronting the church and civilization.

Going Back to Cuba.

Washington, Oct. 21.—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, consul-general in Cuba, announces that he expects to return to Cuba about December 5 and remain until the conclusion of the war.

Thirteen Drowned.

Port Arica, Cal., Oct. 22.—Thirteen of the crew of the schooner *Super* were drowned by the wreck of the vessel near here.

Died at the Age of 102.

Marlborough, Mass., Oct. 22.—John Murphy died Wednesday, aged 102 years.

DEATH OF PULLMAN.

Founder of the Great Palace Car Company Passes Away.

An Attack of Heart Disease Brings His Active Career to a Close—His Fortune Estimated at from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—George M. Pullman, president of the Pullman Palace Car company, died at 5:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, at his home, 1729 Prairie avenue. Death was sudden, and is attributed to heart difficulty. Monday night Mr. Pullman retired at 11 o'clock, after entertaining a party of



GEORGE M. PULLMAN.

friends at his home. At that time he made no particular complaint regarding his health. During the past month Mr. Pullman has been ailing, but the trouble was not sufficient to interfere with his business, and Monday he was at his office as usual.

Mr. Pullman's fortune is variously estimated at from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000. He had factories in many cities, yet he had maintained a practical control of every detail to the very day of his death. He leaves a widow and two sons and two daughters.

INVENTED THE SLEEPING CAR.

Biographical Sketch of the Founder of the Great Palace Car Company.

George M. Pullman was one of Chicago's most distinguished citizens. He was born in Brocton, Chautauque county, N. Y., March 3, 1831. His father, James Lewis Pullman, was a native of Rhode Island, a mechanic by occupation, and a man of character and influence in his community. He died November 1, 1863. Emily Caroline (Minton) Pullman, his mother, was a woman of rare sense, a daughter of James Minton, of Auburn, N. Y.

Mr. Pullman received a common school education, and at a boy gave evidence of that independence and manly persistence that characterized his subsequent life. His ideas were original, and he was possessed of much native genius. His introduction to business life was as a clerk in a store near his home, where he was for which he received an annual salary of \$12.

At that time his elder brother, Royal H. Pullman, was conducting a small cabinet shop at Albany, N. Y., and at the end of his first year he was sent to Albany to assist in the establishment to learn the cabinet making trade. While in his teens he became a partner with his brother, and they were prosperous. Upon the death of his father the care of his mother and younger brothers and sisters largely devolved upon him, and he found it necessary to increase his income.

Upon the discovery of gold in Colorado Mr. Pullman spent three years there prospecting and mining, accumulating considerable wealth from this source. But prior to going to Colorado he had conceived an idea of lessening the discomforts of traveling, by introducing practical sleeping coaches into use on the different railroad systems of the country.

To illustrate his theory he had fitted up in 1857 two old passenger coaches belonging to the Chicago & Alton Railroad company. Upon his return to Chicago from Colorado in 1857 he set to work with determination to carry out his idea. He was met by the skepticism of his whole career, but he was not to be discouraged. He was the first to develop the two original sleepers, and after experimenting and an expenditure of \$3,000 he produced his first improved sleeping coach. It was christened "Pioneer," and was a marvel of comfort and luxury, such as had never been seen in this or any other country.

The Pioneer was destined for high and solemn honor, for upon its first trip it was one of the trains that bore the remains of Abraham Lincoln from Springfield, Ill., to their final resting place in Springfield. In 1859 was organized the Pullman Palace Car company, which has so increased in size that now it ranks as one of the largest manufacturing plants in the world. In 12 years the demands made upon the company by the railroads of America had increased so that it was necessary to increase the facilities of the plant. So in 1870 it was decided to build new works.

"Building of Town of Pullman."
It had long been Mr. Pullman's plan to build a town for workmen that would be complete within itself, providing means of entertainment, worship and education, to the entire satisfaction of the workmen. Four thousand acres of land were bought along the western shore of Lake Calumet, and some 12 miles south of the then limits of Chicago. It was upon the town of Pullman was begun.

The Pullman Palace Car company is the largest railroad manufacturing interest in the world. It employs a capital of \$40,000,000, and has assets exceeding \$50,000,000. About the year of the World's Columbian exposition it had in its service 2,200 employees and employed 11,432 persons, whose annual wages aggregated \$2,211,527, being an average of \$193 per capita. At present, however, both the number of employees and their wages are less than the former figures.

The Pullman company now has in operation 2,048 sleeping, parlor and dining cars, of which 92 are buffet and dining cars. The largest regular unbroken run in the Pullman service is between Washington and San Francisco, a distance of 2,635 miles. The company runs cars under contract over 16 lines, with a total mileage of 124,147 miles.

The Funeral.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—The last scenes attending the closing of the earthly career of George M. Pullman were enacted Saturday afternoon. The simple services marking the last tribute of sorrowing friends to the distinguished dead were held at the family residence, 1729 Prairie avenue, and, near evening, the interment was at Graceland cemetery. The officiating clergymen were Rev. Drs. N. D. Willis, S. J. McPherson and C. K. Eaton, of New York city.

Returned to Life.

Champaign, Ill., Oct. 22.—Mrs. A. L. Hannah, wife of a farmer living near Mahomet, this county, was resuscitated 24 hours after having been pronounced dead.

Against Silver.

London, Oct. 21.—The British government has decided against silver and there is now to hope for an international conference on bimetallicism.

MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For the Week Ending Oct. 22. The National bank of Asheville, N. C., closed its doors.

W. G. Hitchcock & Co., dealers in silk in New York, failed for \$1,000,000. Fruit growers in California estimate the damage to crops by recent storms at \$1,000,000.

Three robbers blew the safe in the Exchange bank at Wakarusa, Ind., and secured \$300.

The Yaqui Indians in New Mexico are driving white gold seekers out of their country.

Four unknown men were run down by an engine near Summerhill, Pa., and ground to pieces.

The centennial of the launching of the United States frigate Constitution was celebrated at Boston.

The Fowler Cycle company, one of the largest bicycle concerns in the west, failed in Chicago for \$500,000.

The dead bodies of Frank Moon and Jane Wells were found in a well on Moon's farm near Derby, Kan.

The Tuttle brothers, of Mohawk, Ind., and J. M. Butler were killed by the cars at a crossing at Oakland, Ind.

Henry Hunsley and his nephew, Ray Hunsley, and Miss Bertha Davis were killed by the cars at Decatur, Ill.

On the island of Leyte, one of the Philippine group, a cyclone destroyed several villages and over 1,000 lives were lost.

Russel Sage makes emphatic denial of the report that he is at the head of a pool to buy in the Union Pacific railroad.

At the meeting in Chicago of the Democratic Editorial Association of Illinois ex-Gov. Altgeld spoke in favor of free silver.

At Los Angeles, Cal., Searchlight broke the world's pacing record of 2:09 1/4 for three-year-olds, going the mile in 2:07.

The president has appointed W. K. Van Reppen to be surgeon general of the navy, to succeed Surgeon General Dabney.

Another effort is being made to secure a pardon for Joseph R. Dunlop, the Chicago newspaper man, from John C. Penitentiary.

Justin Winsor, LL. D., librarian of Harvard, and the first president of the American Library association, died in Cambridge, Mass.

J. S. Parkhurst and his aged wife, living four miles from Biloxi, La., were shot to death and their bodies cremated by unknown fiends.

William J. Foster, Jr., who in 1888 stole \$193,000 from the gratuity fund of the New York produce exchange and fled to Europe, has been arrested in Paris.

Vincent H. Perkins was nominated for congress by the democrats of the Sixth congressional district of Illinois, and the populists nominated George A. Laudgren.

A large number of homeseekers from eastern states are now encamped in the Ashlar valley in Utah waiting for the opening of the Uncompahgre reservation in April next.

A TEST FOR TRADE.

Period of Quietude Gives Time to Develop Question of Stability.

New York, Oct. 22.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say:

"After the heaviest buying ever known in many branches during September and the first half of October, it was both natural and desirable that a more quiet period should give time for testing the temper of retail trade, and for distributing the enormous quantities bought. In textile goods the rush of orders went far beyond all distributive demand in August, and represented great replenishment of stocks, and the similar rush for goods has been correspondingly great in other lines during the past two months. In iron and steel and in boots and shoes there was actual danger of a speculative inflation of prices such as was seen in 1905, but it has been avoided, apparently, for this season by the solid sense of leading men, who regard a time of comparative quiet as essential to the coming and permanence of prosperity in their lines. As the buying for replenishment is partly satisfied and diminishes, there is some decrease in the volume of transactions, though, at the same time, the working force has been in numerous cases advanced, and the foundation laid more broadly every week for larger buying and business hereafter."

"Failures for the week were 21 in the United States, against 24 last year, and 34 in Canada, against 60 last year."

Yukon River Frozen Hard.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 22.—The steamer Humboldt arrived Saturday night with five men from Dawson City, leaving there September 3, and three men from Minook and other points on the Yukon. They say no gold will come out this fall, as this steamer has the last of those who have come down the Yukon. The river is already frozen hard and boats are laid up for the winter.

Receiver for a City.

Cincinnati, Oct. 22.—The Post Glover Electric Light company, of Cincinnati, filed a petition in the common pleas court of Butler county praying for the appointment of a receiver for the city of Hamilton. The petition alleges that the city, through corrupt mismanagement, has been brought to insolvency.

Robbed a Bank.

Hairsburg, Ia., Oct. 22.—The State bank of Hairsburg was robbed by three masked men. One of the robbers is lying at the Hotel McNeely with two bullet wounds in his body. The other two men escaped, taking with them cash and valuable papers amounting to about \$6,000.

Strength of Our Navy.

Washington, Oct. 22.—In his annual report to the secretary of the navy, Philip Hichborn, chief constructor of the navy, says that the strength of the navy October 1 was 141 vessels all told, including the ships of both old and new navies.

Promoted.

Washington, Oct. 21.—James K. Taylor, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed supervising architect of the treasury. Mr. Taylor has heretofore been the chief draughtsman in the architect's office.

Self-Made Man.

Princeton, N. J., Oct. 22.—The one hundred and fifty-first birthday of Princeton university was celebrated here yesterday, and ex-President Cleveland read an address on the "Self-Made Man."

PLUNGED TO DEATH.

A Train on the New York Central Goes Into the River.

Collapse of the Track Owing to Undermining by Water—Twenty-Eight Lives Are Lost—Partial List of the Dead.

New York, Oct. 22.—Buffalo and New York special No. 46, on the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, due to arrive in this city at 5:30 o'clock Sunday morning, was thrown from the track at daybreak into the Hudson river 1 1/2 miles below Garrison station. Twenty-eight lives were lost. The remaining wall along the river had been undermined by high water in the river, and the track caved under the weight of the train. The train consisted of the engine, a combination baggage and express car, a smoker, two ordinary coaches and four sleepers. The engine and two forward cars were submerged in 20 feet of water. Engineer Foyle and fireman Tompkins went down with the engine. It is known that it was a trifle foggy, and that the track was not visible, but if there was any break in the lines of steel, it must have been of very recent happening, for only a hour before there had passed over it a heavy passenger train, laden with human freight. The section of the road was supposed to be the very best on the entire division. There was a great heavy retaining wall all along the bank. What seems to have happened was that underneath the tracks and ties the heavy wall had given away, and when the great weight of the engine struck the unsupported tracks it went crashing through the rest of the wall and toppled over into the river.

Long Row of Dead.

The total number of known dead is 12; the estimated number is 23. Following is a list of the dead so far as ascertained up to midnight:

E. A. Greene, Chicago; Thomas Reilly, St. Louis; A. G. McKay, private secretary to General Superintendent Van Etten; John Foyle, engineer, of East Albany, body not recovered; John Q. Tompkins, fireman, of East Albany, not recovered; H. G. Myers, of Tremont, N. Y., woman, unidentified; woman, unidentified; Giuseppe Tadaro, of New York; S. Becker, of Newark, N. Y.; unknown man, died while being rescued; Fong Gim and seven unidentified Chinamen.

Cause of the Disaster.

General Manager Touney gave the following statement as the cause of the disaster:

"The accident was caused by the led of the railroad being washed out in some localities. In this undermined condition the track sank as soon as the weight of the train was put on it, and the embankment giving way, the train was, of course, precipitated into the river. Such conditions as this we have not looked for. Trains have been running over this spot for years and years without accident or difficulty of any kind, and this piece of track was considered as good as any section of the railroad. Not only was the roadbed the hardest kind of an embankment, but it was strengthened by a retaining wall of solid masonry three feet thick."

Other railroad officials were of the opinion that a quicksand foundation of some kind below the water line was responsible for the sinking of the roadbed.

LOST AT SEA.

A Total of 29 Gloucester Fishermen Perished During the Year.

Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 22.—The annual roll giving the names of the fishermen who have lost their lives during the year ended September 30 is made up and shows a loss of 29 men and 11 vessels during the past year, against the loss of 74 men and 13 vessels in 1906. The crew of the schooner Lizzie J. Greenleaf, numbering 15 men, probably went down with their vessel, as they never have been heard of. The total value of the vessels lost was \$65,820.

TO CHECK THE LAWLESS.

A Military Reservation Is Created in Alaska.

Washington, Oct. 22.—The secretary of war has issued an order creating a military reservation in that part of Alaska lying within a radius of 50 miles of St. Michaels. The purpose is to confer upon Lieut. Col. Randall the necessary legal authority to preserve order and protect property in this section of the country both of which are believed to be jeopardized by the large number of lawless characters gathered near the mouth of the Yukon.

Millions Are Needed.

Washington, Oct. 22.—Gen. Wilson, chief of the engineers of the army, in his annual report to the secretary of war estimates that \$3,510,000 will be needed for coast defenses for the years 1898-9 and \$18,223,600 for rivers and harbors.

Propositions Rejected.

London, Oct. 22.—The correspondence in regard to the bimetallic proposals of the United States monetary commission issued by the British foreign office shows that Great Britain rejects all offers to entertain such proposals.

The White Squadron.

New York, Oct. 22.—The white squadron, consisting of the cruisers New York and Brooklyn, and battle ships Massachusetts, Texas and Iowa, arrived here Sunday from an extended visit in eastern waters.

Fl

SILVER IS HIT HARD.

Great Britain's Rejection of Our Bimetallic Proposals.

Official Account of the Conference—France Arrests a Ratio of 15 to 2 to India's Strong Argument Against the Plan.

London, Oct. 23.—The correspondence in regard to the bimetallic proposals of the United States monetary commission was issued by the British foreign office Friday evening.

At the conference held at the foreign office on July 12 the premier, the marquis of Salisbury, the secretary of state for India, Lord George Hamilton, the chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the first lord of the treasury, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the United States ambassador, Col. John Hay, and the United States monetary commissioners, Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado; ex-Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois; and Gen. Charles Jackson Payne, of Massachusetts, were present.

Senator Wolcott Explains. On the invitation of the British premier Senator Wolcott explained that the object of the mission was to ascertain in advance of an international conference the views of the governments, and the envoys had determined to ascertain the views of the French, British and German governments on the question of reaching an international bimetallic agreement. They had been to France, where they reached a complete and satisfactory understanding with the French government, and the envoys would have the cooperation in this matter of the French ambassador in London. The senator then explained that the success of the mission depended upon the attitude Great Britain would take, and he requested Great Britain to agree to open the English mints as its contribution to the attempt to restore international bimetallicism, with France and the United States co-operating together in an attempt to that end.

Ratio of Fifteen and One-Half to One. The marquis of Salisbury asked if France was ready to open her mints to free coinage, and Senator Wolcott replied: "Yes." The premier thereupon inquired at what ratio France would open her mints. Senator Wolcott said at 15 to 1, adding that the American envoys had accepted this ratio.

What Is Wanted of Great Britain. The senator then presented the following list of contributions which, among others, he suggested Great Britain might make:

- "First, The opening of the Indian mints and the repeal of the order making the sovereign legal tender in India."
- "Second, Placing one-fifth of the bullion in the issue department of the Bank of England in silver."
- "Third, Issuing the legal tender limit of silver to, say, £10 and issuing 20-shilling notes based on silver, which shall be legal tender, and the retirement, in graduation or otherwise, of the ten-shilling gold pieces and the substitution of paper based on silver."
- "Fourth, An agreement to coin annually so much silver, the amount to be left open."
- "Fifth, The opening of the English mints to the coinage of rupees, which shall be full tender in the straits settlements and other other standard colonies, and tender in the United Kingdom to the limit of silver legal."
- "Sixth, Colonial action and the coinage of silver in Egypt."
- "Seventh, Something having the general scope of the Hockins plan."

The meeting closed, and it is understood by the parties that the absence of the French ambassador, Baron de Courcel, from the proceedings should be regarded as informal, and a second conference was held on the 15th, at which in addition to those already mentioned, the French ambassador and M. Geoffrey, the councillor of the French embassy, were present.

Position of France. The French ambassador was invited to declare the position of the French government, and he said France was ready to open her mints to the coinage of silver if the commercial nations adopted the same course, and he advocated, at great length, the ratio of 15 to 1. He explained, France would not consider the adoption of the ratio of India alone as being sufficient guarantee to permit the French government to reopen the French mints to the free coinage of silver.

Great Britain's Reply. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach then announced definitely that Great Britain would not agree to open the Indian mints to the unlimited coinage of silver, and that whatever views he and his colleagues might separately hold regarding bimetallicism he could say that they were united on this point.

Baron de Courcel said, as a personal suggestion, that among other contributions he thought Great Britain should open the Indian mints and also agree to purchase annually \$10,000,000 of silver for a series of years.

Senator Wolcott accepted the proposal that the British government should make this purchase, with proper safeguards and provisions as to the place and manner of its use.

At this conference the British government has been considering the proposals, and finally made the reply handed the United States ambassador. The reply of the government of India, upon which Lord Salisbury based his decision, is a long document, giving an emphatic negative to the proposal to reopen the Indian mints. It says:

World Paralyze Trade and Industry. "The first result of the suggested measures, if they were to succeed even temporarily in their object, would be a complete disturbance of Indian trade and industry, which, if the ratio of fifteen and one-half to one were adopted, would be about three per cent. Such a rise would be to kill our export trade for a time, at least, unless the public were convinced that the proposed measures were permanent and have the effect intended. The paralysis of trade and industry would be prolonged, and would be accompanied by acute individual suffering. None of the advantages expected would be attained, and the country would be thrown through a critical period which would retard the progress for years."

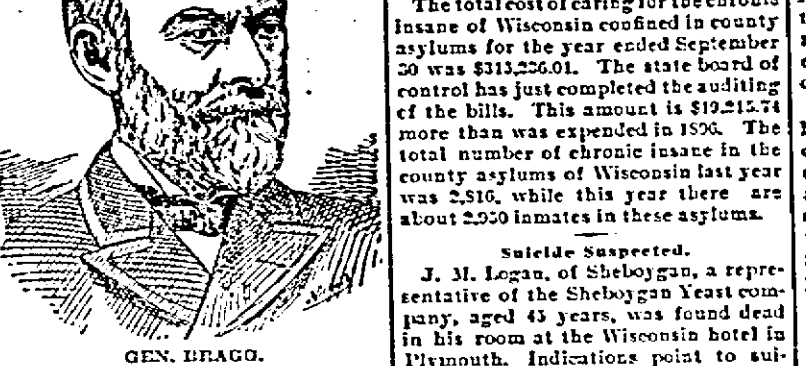
The reply then proceeds to point out that the proposed agreement would be a more serious question for India than for the United States and France, as the whole risk of disaster from failure would fall upon India. If the agreement broke down the United States and France could take precautions against a rise in the price of gold, but India would have no remedy against fluctuation in the exchange value of India's standard of value with the fluctuations in the price of silver. "For the time being, the Indian mints are closed, and it will be practically impossible for the government ever to close them; and, if it were possible, it would be only after very large additions had been made to the amount of silver in circulation."

War on Saloons. Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 23.—The Illinois Presbyterian synod has adopted a resolution—20 to 41—urging all Christians to unite in fighting saloons and rum shops.

COMRADES MEET AGAIN.

Catholistic Reunion of the "Iron Brigade" in Wisconsin. La Crosse, Wis., Oct. 21.—The annual reunion of the old Iron brigade was held in this city, and the town was practically turned over to the veterans. The brigade was composed of the Second, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin, the Nineteenth Indiana and the Twenty-fourth Michigan regiments.

At Germania hall the address of welcome was delivered by Col. Bryant, the



mayor being absent, and Gen. Drago responded briefly but eloquently. A resolution was adopted adverse to giving war medals, as discriminating against others of equally meritorious services. A copy will be sent to the secretary of war. Milwaukee was selected as the place of the next meeting and Gen. Drago was reelected president.

FAR-OFF ALASKA.

Gov. Brady Makes His Report to the Secretary of the Interior. Washington, Oct. 23.—The report of John G. Brady, governor of Alaska, for the past fiscal year has been submitted to the secretary of the interior. A summary follows:

estimates the present population at 20,000 natives and 10,000 whites; predicts that with regular transportation mails can be sent all over Alaska during the winter, and recommends that \$300,000 be appropriated for government buildings and a road to be built from the coast to the interior. He also states that the gold mining industry has been successful, and that the general land laws, and urges congress to create a commission of five, one senator, one representative and three bona fide Alaska residents to codify laws for Alaska. The secretary of the treasury is urged to confine the hunting of sea otters to the natives, for "if the white man is not shut off at once the Alaska fur trade will be ruined by the competition of the country. Skagway is being built up rapidly. Lumber is in demand, and lots are selling as high as \$15.00. Americans are anxious to secure a route to the Yukon which shall be entirely upon United States territory. Different parties are now out, and are carefully examining the mountains between Yakutat and Cook inlet. This is the third season of the work in Cook inlet. The excitement over the Klondike has drawn many away from that district, but the output of gold this year will be no mean sum. The possibilities of the whole region bordering upon this inlet and upon Prince William sound will draw crowds of adventurers in the near future."

AN AWFUL CRIME.

A Farmer Kills His Two Boys, His Wife and Himself. Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 21.—A Blue Earth City (Minn.) special to the Journal says: At about seven o'clock in the morning, George Young, a farmer residing two miles south of this city, shot and killed his wife, his two boys, aged two and four, and himself. All died instantly and were found weltering in blood when the hired man, the only other person on the place, came in. Business and domestic troubles form the only explanation for the deed.

SAY IT IS GAMBLING.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 23.—The supreme court says that speculation in grain, where no delivery is intended, is gambling, and that such contracts are void.

INDIAN BANKERS.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 21.—Indiana bankers met here and formed a state association with Allen M. Fletcher, of this city, as president.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Oct. 22.	
LIVE STOCK—Native Steers	11 00 11 10
Sheep	10 00 10 10
Hogs	10 00 10 10
FLOUR—Minnesota Patents	11 00 11 10
Minnesota Bakers	10 00 10 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	10 00 10 10
Barley	10 00 10 10
OATS—No. 2	10 00 10 10
CORN—No. 2	10 00 10 10
BUTTER—Creamery	10 00 10 10
Factory	10 00 10 10
CHEESE—Large, White	10 00 10 10
EGGS—Western	10 00 10 10
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Steers	10 00 10 10
Stocks and Feeders	10 00 10 10
Hogs	10 00 10 10
Sheep	10 00 10 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	10 00 10 10
Barley	10 00 10 10
OATS—No. 2	10 00 10 10
CORN—No. 2	10 00 10 10
BUTTER—Creamery	10 00 10 10
Factory	10 00 10 10
CHEESE—Large, White	10 00 10 10
EGGS—Western	10 00 10 10
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Steers	10 00 10 10
Stocks and Feeders	10 00 10 10
Hogs	10 00 10 10
Sheep	10 00 10 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	10 00 10 10
Barley	10 00 10 10
OATS—No. 2	10 00 10 10
CORN—No. 2	10 00 10 10
BUTTER—Creamery	10 00 10 10
Factory	10 00 10 10
CHEESE—Large, White	10 00 10 10
EGGS—Western	10 00 10 10

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Hotel Keeper Murdered. John Ikeman, aged 50, proprietor of the Ikeman house in Fond du Lac, was murdered by William Payne (colored) in the presence of several white men in the hotel barroom. Payne was drunk and was flourishing a razor. He said he was going to kill some one. He followed Ikeman behind the bar, forced him against the wall, caught him by the whiskers, and cut his throat from ear to ear. Payne escaped during the excitement that ensued. Ikeman followed the murderer to the door, where he fell and expired.

Cost of the Insane. The total cost of caring for the chronic insane of Wisconsin confined in county asylums for the year ended September 30 was \$313,236.01. The state board of control has just completed the auditing of the bills. This amount is \$19,215.74 more than was expended in 1904. The total number of chronic insane in the county asylums of Wisconsin last year was 2,816, while this year there are about 2,950 inmates in these asylums.

Suicide Suspected. J. M. Logan, of Sheboygan, a representative of the Sheboygan Yeast company, aged 45 years, was found dead in his room at the Wisconsin hotel in Plymouth. Indications point to suicide, a large bottle which contained carbolic acid being found at his bedside. Mr. Logan was a prominent citizen of Sheboygan, having resided there many years. He leaves a widow and family.

More State Property. A deal by which the state board of Normal school regents acquired 3 1/2 acres of land adjoining the Normal school campus from N. Doyington, was completed in Stevens Point. The price was \$2,200. Part of the new tract will be fitted up for athletics and the remainder will be converted into a park.

Fondled Alive. Chief of Police John W. Hogan, who has been getting evidence for the examination of Fred McAdams, charged with the murder of William Ewing, in Fulton, Rock county, June 15, 1895, received a telegram from Chief of Police J. H. Miller, of Salisbury, Pa., saying that William Ewing is there.

The Iron Brigade. The registry showed an attendance of 179 at the Iron Brigade reunion in La Crosse. Milwaukee was chosen as the next meeting place. Officers were elected as follows: President, Gen. E. S. Drago; secretary, Col. J. A. Watrous; treasurer, Capt. Otto Schorke.

Big Lumber Cut. The total cut of 17 mills on the river at Marinette this year will be over 27,000,000. The value of this year's product in round numbers is about \$1,000,000. Most of the lumber has been sold and will be shipped before navigation closes.

The News Condensed. S. Hudson, aged 73, and Mrs. Felch, 71, were married in Oakfield. Silver City was visited by a fire which swept away five stores and one dwelling. The loss will amount to about \$15,000.

The annual meeting of the Lafayette County Agricultural society shows that the society is out of debt. Milwaukee brick manufacturers have advanced the price of common brick to \$5.25.

The Waukesha Stone company made a voluntary assignment to William Goetz, who gave a bond for \$65,000. John P. Forster, a son of the late John W. Forster and one of the heirs of the Forster estate, committed suicide in Milwaukee by cutting his throat.

The home for feeble minded in Milwaukee is now full and the superintendent has sent out notices that he cannot take any more patients until next January or February.

The Old Settlers' association of Vernon county was reorganized at Virgo with Capt. R. S. McMichael as president.

Robert Graham, of Liverpool, England, while attempting to board a morning train in Prairie du Chien, was thrown under the wheels and both legs were cut off below the knees.

The Wisconsin Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in session in Milwaukee ratified the action of the national society in resolving on a union with the Sons of the Revolution, another society.

The will of the late Abner Gile, prolated at La Crosse, disposes of an estate of \$500,000, his daughter, Mrs. R. A. Scott, getting the bulk of it.

Former Senator Vilas and Col. J. H. Knight have just closed a logging contract which will make over 12,000,000 feet of logs they will have to cut this winter.

St. John's Episcopal church was destroyed by fire at Portage. Loss, \$7,000; insurance, \$3,000.

Parties have been in Stevens Point interesting business men in a new railroad it is proposed to build from Oshkosh to Stevens Point via Umro, Lake Poygan and Waushara county.

Albert Hirsch has been appointed by Gov. Scofield as sheriff of Oconto county, in place of Charles Quirt, deceased. An unknown boy, well dressed, was killed by a train near Racine. L. H. Towne has been appointed receiver of the failed bank at Edgerton. Joseph Bundy, who is in jail at Elk Horn on a charge of shooting Isaac Saxton at Darien, attempted suicide by cutting a gash in his throat. John R. Oakfield committed suicide in Elroy by hanging. He was demented over the death of his wife and business troubles. Neil P. Peterson, a farmer in the town of Hamden, set fire to the house, barn, granary and hog pen and then went into the woods and hanged himself. Theodore Hanson, a Scandinavian farmer, hanged himself at Whitesville on account of family troubles.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "is jes' like perissomonas. How you likes 'em depends intially on when you happens ter meet 'em."—Washington Star.

"Blinks—"I read a curious article the other day advocating a tax on beauty." Jinks—"Good idea. They won't have much trouble in collecting it."—Harlem Life.

"First Gent—"I see this account of the race says the Sprinter fairly flew." Second Gent—"Well, what of it?" "Just this; Sprinter never did anything fairly in his life."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Porter (returning in a hurry)—"Beg pardon, sir, but I was a-makin' a mistake when I says your train starts from No. 6 platform. I have ascertained that it has previously started from No. 3. In other words, sir, you 'ave lost it."—Fit-Bits.

"Accounted For—"I hear that the salmon fishermen of the northwest have all gone to the Klondike," remarked Squidgie. "That accounts for the tall stories we are getting from that region," replied McSwilligen.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Niece (showing the wedding presents to Uncle Tom)—"I wanted you to see them all, dear Uncle Tom, so that you won't send a duplicate. Duplicate wedding presents are very annoying, you know." Uncle Tom—"H'm. What's this?" Niece—"That's papa's check for \$200; isn't it lovely?" Uncle Tom—"Very. I intended to send you the same thing; but, rather than annoy you with a duplicate, I'll send \$100."—Fit-Bits.

"The actress looked at him inquiringly, and he felt that some explanation was needed. "You appear to have forgotten me," he said. "Let me recall myself to your memory. I am the man who saved you from a watery grave in the surf last August." "Yes, yes; of course; now I remember you," she replied. "But I shall have to refer you to my advertising manager. He settles all bills of that description."—Chicago Evening Post.

SOME MEXICAN WAYS.

They Would Seem Hardly the Proper Thing to a Yankee Housewife. An American woman would grow gray-headed in a month if she attempted to keep house in Mexico on the same plan pursued by the native housewives. There are no water mains in the average town, and water for domestic purposes is drawn from the public fountains and sold from door to door by leather-aproned vendors, who carry it in picturesque vessels of hide or pottery. Pulque and milk are brought to market in skins of sheep, pigs, and goats, which are stripped off the carcass by cutting only the neck and legs and turning inside out, all the openings but one being tied up securely. The natives do not object to the flavor of goat hide and swine skin in the milk, but visitors do.

The washerwomen have no faith in modern methods. They get 25 cents a day and are satisfied. This sounds improbable to the Chicagoan who is being "done up" by his laundress and has to endure it. The washerwomen all do their work beside an open stream of water in a trough of stone or wood, a piece of homemade soap and their strong hands. No hot water is used. The scene at the public washhouses is an interesting one. The method breaks buttons, bends buckles and tears goods with the same ease as does the steam laundry in the states.

The average Mexican cook is as primitive as the washerwoman. No matter how many times the use of a modern cook stove were explained to her, it is probable that she would build the fire in the oven and put the bread to bake in the firebox. What she would use is called the brasero. Among the poor this is an urn-shaped affair of pottery with a hollow base, where a tiny charcoal fire may be kept alive by constant fanning, the whole being not much larger than a common flower pot. In the homes of the upper classes the brasero is built in of brick, mortar and piles, its surface as high as an American cook stove, with holes a foot square, under each of which a charcoal fire is kept burning. Some of these stoves have 25 or 30 openings, and the operation of cooking is so laborious that the cook has a relay of assistants to prepare the vegetables, wash the dishes and attend the fires.—Chicago Journal.

Blind Men Move Lamps. An interesting and unusual spectacle was presented a few days ago to a number of persons passing along Haines street, Germantown. They saw a blind colored man who was cutting grass on a lawn and singing a southern melody in the most contented manner imaginable. Blind men, as everybody knows, can make brooms, weave carpet and engage in many other lines of industry of that nature, but the cutting of grass with a lawn mower by a sightless man is an occurrence not frequently witnessed. In this instance the grass was cut very satisfactorily. The colored man would cut a patch about ten feet square, and then start another square. Every now and then he would use a thin stick to feel along the top of the grass to ascertain whether or not it had been properly trimmed, off if there were any spots that needed another going over. It was learned from the neighbors that this blind and happy-hearted colored man weeds the garden, oils the mowing machine, puts the tools away in their proper places and goes about the grounds with more energy and confidence than many other gardeners in the full possession of their sight.—Philadelphia Record.

Molasses for Horses. In Germany and Austria molasses has recently been tried as food for horses, being substituted in part for corn and oats. When mixed in proper ratio with the other food it is said to be well liked by the horses, and to give them a sleek appearance.—Youth's Companion.

Only Abstracts of Oneida County Lands.

Money advanced on improved real estate at 40 per cent
of its value on from 1 to 5 years time. 8 to 10 per cent.

<p style="text-align: center;">The Central</p> <p style="text-align: center;">BARBER SHOP</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DUSEL & LEWIS, Proprietors.</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>The finest and most centrally located shop in the city. THE place for skilful work The most experienced barbers in the country employed.</p> <p>Hillier House Block. Brown Street.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Read The</p> <p style="text-align: center;">North Walk Mystery</p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin: 10px auto;"/> <p>Back Numbers may be obtained at this</p> <p style="text-align: center;">office</p>
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WALL PAPER At your own figure, pending removal of stock.
THE PALACE DRUG STORE. A. H. MARKS, PROP.

THE STORY TELLER
THE CIRCUS HORSE.
BY LUCY HALEVY.

HOW did I come to be married? Why, I was married by a circus horse. Did you ever hear of it? Then I will tell you.

It was in the last days of September, and I had just arrived from Baden. I intended to pass only 24 hours in Paris. I had invited five friends to come to my country place in Poltara for the shooting season. They ought to arrive about the first of October, and it left me only a week to put everything in order at Roche-Targe. A letter from my head keeper was awaiting me at Paris, and this letter informed me that out of the 12 saddle horses I had there, five of them, during my stay at Baden had either fallen sick or gone lame.

I made an immediate visit to the horse dealers of Paris, and they showed me a fine saddle animal, a magnificent collection of unsound, knock-kneed, broken-winded horses, at an average price of 2,000 francs. I had been hit a little hard by the lacerated tables at Baden, and I was in neither humor nor funds to throw my money away at such a rate.

However, Cheri, the great horse dealer, was making his regular auction sale. I went in one morning, and there without any advice, "unsight and unseen" as the boys say, like buying a pig in a poke, and only on the declaration of the catalogue, I bought eight horses, which cost me only 5,000 francs.

Among these horses there was one that I purchased, I must admit it, entirely on account of his coat, which was beautiful. The catalogue did not attribute to him any special aptitude for hunting. It confined itself to saying: "Brutus. Saddle horse. Well put up. Past age." It was a dapple-gray horse. I never had seen a more beautiful dapple-gray; the white coat was thickly sown with symmetrical black spots.

I left Paris the next day for Roche-Targe, and the day after that, early in the morning, I was notified that the horses had arrived. I went out at once to inspect them. My first glance was at Brutus. He had been trotting in my lead for 45 hours, this dapple-gray, and I had a strong desire to learn what he was capable of.

I ordered him to be brought first out of the stable. A groom led him out. The horse had long teeth and sunken nostrils, showing a respectable age; but a powerful shoulder, a long barrel, a fine carriage of the head, a tail well planted in his back—altogether a striking animal. But it was not this which most excited my curiosity. What I admired most was the air with which Brutus regarded me, and the attentive, intelligent and curious eye with which he followed my motions and gestures.

The catalogue of Cheri had not lied. This certainly was a well-put-up horse—perhaps too well put up. I made him trot, then gallop. He gave me first an excellent fox-trot and a good hand-gallop. But when I tried to lift his head up a little, he suddenly plunged into a curious gait, trotting with his forefeet and galloping with his hind feet. "Well, well," said I to myself, "I must have bought some old riding-school horse. I surely cannot hunt upon this beast."

I had just decided to turn about and return to the house, somewhat edified upon the talents of Brutus, when suddenly a gun-shot was heard some 20 yards away. It was one of my keepers, who had just shot a rabbit—he received from my wife some time afterward a handsome gun for his shot. I found myself then exactly in the center of a circular space in the garden into which ran six long avenues. As soon as he heard the report, Brutus stopped suddenly, braced himself on his four legs, and pricked up his nose to the wind. I should have thought, after the brilliant education which he had certainly received in his youth, that if he came from a military riding school, Brutus should be habituated to guns and canons. I brought my legs against his sides to urge him on. Brutus did not budge. I gave him two energetic touches with my heel. Brutus did not budge. I made him feel the riding crop. Brutus did not budge. I tried to make him back, to turn to the right, to wheel to the left. I could not get him to make the slightest motion. Brutus acted as if he had been anchored to the earth. In fact, each time that I made an effort to get him to move, he turned his head and regarded me with an eye wherein I could positively read impatience and surprise. Then he resumed his immobility and became a statue. It was evident that there was some misunderstanding between the horse and me.

I was more puzzled than ever. "What remarkable horse have I purchased from Cheri?" I said to myself. "And why does he look at me in such an extraordinary fashion?" I was about, however, to take extreme measures, to administer to Brutus a sound whipping, when a second shot resounded.

The horse made a bound. I believed that I was victorious at last, and I endeavored to bring him forward by hands and heels. Not at all. He stood there after his bound and once more planted his feet solidly, more energetically and more resolutely than the first time. Then I became irritated that I took my riding crop and began beating him with all my force. But Brutus lost patience, and, instead of the cold and impassive indifference which he had shown me, he offered a

furious response of extraordinary leaps, bucks, and fantastic prouettes. While the horse was bounding and bucking under me, and while I was beating him with my broken riding crop, Brutus still found opportunity to look at me with glances charged no longer with impatience and surprise, but with anger and indignation. While I was demanding of the horse an obedience which he refused to me, he certainly was expecting of me something that I did not do.

How did it end? In my complete discomfort, I was unhorsed by an incomparable bound. After a brief moment of reflection, the horse suddenly lowered his head and stood on his forelegs, after the manner and with the perfect equilibrium of a clown walking on his hands. I was immediately unhorsed and fell upon the sand.

I endeavored to rise. I uttered a cry and fell in a ridiculous posture upon my knees in the sand. At each movement, no matter how slight, it seemed as if I had a knife wound in my left leg. It was nothing, only a strain of a tendon, but slight as it was, it was none the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself over and seating myself. But when, rubbing the said out of my eyes, I began to wonder what had become of my miserable dapple-gray, I saw descending upon my head a horse's foot. Then this horse's foot was transferred to my breast, and with a certain deftness I was pushed upon my back upon the sand. I was too startled to resist, and remained in this posture, wondering what this extraordinary horse that I had purchased at Cheri's could be. I closed my eyes and awaited death.

Suddenly I heard a singular sound around me. Little pellets struck me in the face. I opened my eyes and I saw Brutus, who, with a most incredible activity and a still more incredible dexterity, was endeavoring with his fore and hind feet to bury me under a band. He did his best, the poor brute, and from time to time he stopped and looked at his work. Then tossing up his head, he gave a shrill neigh and went to work again. This lasted for three or four minutes, after which Brutus, no doubt thinking that I was sufficiently buried, placed himself with much respect on his knees beside my tomb. I suppose he was engaged in prayer.

His prayer done, Brutus bounded up, withdrew several yards, stopped, then galloped about a score of times around the circle in the middle of which he had buried me. I followed him with my eyes, and it caused me a certain dizziness watching him turning in this way, so I shouted: "Whoa!" The horse stopped and seemed embarrassed, as if he did not know what to do next. Suddenly, perceiving my hat, which, in my fall, had rolled some distance from me, he made up his mind, went straight to the hat, seized it between his teeth, and departed at a brisk gallop by one of the six avenues which led to my tomb.

I had been there for an hour in this unpleasant position when I saw, coming down the same avenue by which he had gone, Brutus returning, and with the same long, loping pace at which he had gone. A cloud of dust followed him. Little by little in this cloud I discovered a little carriage—a pony cart; then in this little pony cart a little woman who was driving, and behind the lady a little groom.

In a moment Brutus, covered with foam, stopped before me, dropped his hat at my feet, and addressed me in a neigh which certainly meant: "I have done my duty. Help is at hand." But I did not bother myself about Brutus and the explanation he was giving me. I had eyes only for the good fairy who, after leaping lightly from her pony cart, came toward me. She looked at me curiously, and, as she did so, we both cried at the same instant:

"Mme. de Noriolis!"

"M. de la Roche-Targe!"

Now I will make a parenthesis here to say that I have an aunt, and between her and me for a number of years there has been a continual battle. "Why don't you get married?" "I don't want to get married." "Do you like girls?" "There is Mme. A—, Mme. B—, Mme. C—, I don't want to get married." "Do you like widows? There is Mme. D—, Mme. E—, Mme. F—." "But I do not want to get married." Mme. de Noriolis always figured in the first rank in the widow series. And I remembered that my aunt always used to dwell upon the various advantages which I would find in this marriage. She had no need to tell me that Mme. Noriolis was very pretty. That was apparent to the meanest intelligence. And that she was rich. I knew that myself. But she explained to me that M. de Noriolis was an idiot who had made his wife most unhappy, and for that reason it would be very easy for a second husband to make himself sincerely loved. Then when she had dwelt at length upon the virtues, graces and merits of Mme. Noriolis, my aunt, who was very subtle and knew my weakness, used to take out of her desk a map and spread it upon the table.

It was a plan of the country about Chateaufort—a very minute and exact plan, which my aunt had taken the trouble to buy for the sole purpose of convincing me that I ought to marry Mme. de Noriolis. The chateau of Noriolis and Roche-Targe, hardly two miles apart, were both indicated on the plan; and my aunt, with her own hand, had united the two estates by a line of red ink. She called my attention to this red line, and said: "Sixteen hundred acres without a division line, if Noriolis and Roche-Targe were united, that is something that a hunting man could appreciate!"

As for myself, I shut my eyes, the temptation was so great, and I took refuge in my restraint: "I do not wish to marry." But I was afraid, seriously afraid; and whenever I met Mme. de Noriolis her head seemed to my eyes

to be encircled by an aureole, consisting of my aunt's red ink line, and I said to myself: "A charming woman, spirituelle, intelligent, her first husband was a fool, and so forth, and so forth, and 1,600 acres of land. Fly, you poor fellow, fly, if you do not wish to marry!"

And I fled! But, now, how could I escape? There I was, on the grass, covered with dirt, my hair disordered, my clothes in tatters, and my wretched leg perfectly stiff. And Mme. de Noriolis was at my side, in the most charming of costumes—the aureole still about her head—saying to me: "Is it really you, M. de la Roche-Targe? What is the matter? What has happened?"

I frankly confessed my fall.

"But you are not hurt?"

"No, no, I am not hurt. Something is the matter with this leg, but it is nothing serious, I am sure."

"And what horse played you such a trick?"

"There he is."

And I pointed to Brutus, standing close by, quietly pulling up and eating little mouthfuls of grass.

"What! is it he? The brave horse! Oh, he has atoned well for his misdeeds, I assure you. I will tell you about it by and by. We must first go back to your house, and that, too, directly."

"But I cannot walk a step."

"I am going to drive you home."

And she called Bob, the little groom. Then she gently took one of my arms while Bob took the other, and made me get into her phaeton. Five minutes later we were rolling along toward my chateau, she guiding her pony with one hand, and I, troubled, confused, embarrassed and stupid, watching her as she drove. We are alone in the phaeton. Bob had been ordered to bring Brutus, who submitted very quietly.

"Now, pay attention," said Mme. de Noriolis: "keep your leg stretched out; I am going to drive slowly so as to avoid all jolting." Then when she saw that I was comfortably seated: "Tell me," she said, "how you happened to come to your aid. It is sure to be amusing. Tell me all about the horse."

I began my story, but when I came to the efforts that Brutus made to unseat me after the two shots—

"I understand it all," she cried; "you bought the trumpeter's horse!"

"The trumpeter's horse?"

"Yes, indeed, you did, and that explains everything. You have seen 20 times, I know, at the Imperial circus, the performance of 'The Trumpeter's Horse.' The African chasseur, you remember, comes into the ring on a gray horse; then the Arabs appear and fire their guns at the chasseur. He is wounded and falls to the ground; and as you did not fall, the horse was indignant. He had no idea of letting you slight your role at that point, and so he threw you to the ground himself. And when you were lying on the ground, what did the horse do?"

I told her of Brutus' attempt to bury me.

"The trumpeter's horse," she said, "is still the trumpeter's horse. He sees that his master is wounded, the Arabs will come and kill him. What is the horse to do? He buries the African chasseur. Then he sets off at a gallop, does he not?"

"Yes, at a break-neck gallop."

"He is carrying away the flag to prevent its falling into the hands of the Arabs."

"But it was my hat that he carried away."

"He took what he could find. And where does the trumpeter's horse gallop to?"

"Oh! I see, I see," I cried; "he goes to find the viandier!"

"Exactly. He goes in search of the viandier. And the viandier to-day is, if you please, I, Countess de Noriolis. He came galloping into my grounds. I was standing on the steps putting on my gloves, and was just ready to step into my phaeton. Suddenly my men rushed forward, seeing a horse galloping in, saddled, bridled, riderless, with a hat between his teeth. They try to catch him, but he jumps aside, eludes them, and, coming straight to the steps, falls on his knees before me. He was calling me; I assure you he was calling me. I tell the men to let the horse alone. I spring into the phaeton, and drive off. Your horse darts into the wood, and I follow him over a road that was not in every part laid out for driving—but I follow him; I come here and find you."

Just as Mme. de Noriolis was speaking these last words, the phaeton received an unaccountable blow from behind. We turned and saw Brutus' head away up in the air above us. It was Brutus again! With Bob on his back, he had been following the phaeton, and seeing that the little rumble of the phaeton could be used for the purpose, he had in the most artistic style adroitly seized the opportunity of giving us a new display of his accomplishments. With one spring he had placed his forelegs upon the rumble, and this done, he was going quietly along, trotting upon his hind legs alone. Bob, thoroughly frightened, his body thrown backward, and his head hanging down, was making vain attempts to pull the horse back again upon his four feet.

As for Mme. de Noriolis, she was so alarmed that she had dropped the reins and literally thrown herself into my arms. Her charming little head had fallen accidentally upon my shoulder, and my lips touched her hair. With my left hand I was trying to pick up the reins, with my right arm I was supporting Mme. de Noriolis, and all the while my leg was causing me the most frightful agony.

And this is the way in which Mme. de Noriolis made her first appearance at Roche-Targe.

When she came there again, one evening six months later, after having been made that day Mme. de la Roche-Targe, she said to me: "Life is a strange affair. Nothing of all this would have happened if you had not bought that circus horse."—Translated for the San Francisco Argonaut from the French.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I could be, well—just like you. With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair, Such eyes of blue, and shining hair. What do you think I do? I wear a bright and sweet smile, I'd be no loving all the while. I'd be so helpful with my hand, So quick and gentle to command. You soon would see That everyone would turn to say: "The good to meet that child to-day." Yes, yes, my land, that's what I'd do If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy, Like some I know: With crisp curls peaking in the sun, And eyes all beaming bright with fun— Ah, if I could be so, I'd strive and strive with all my might To be so true, so brave, polite, That in me each one might behold A hero—as in the days of old.

"Would be a boy?" To hear one, looking at me, say: "My child, and comfort all the day." Yes, if I were a boy I know I would be so.

But, now, perhaps, you'd ask of me: "When it was you Who had the young and merry face, With smiles and roses all in place. Tell us, what did you do?" Ah, dearest, if I ever fell Far short of doing wisely, well— It was, you see, because none ever took the time To tell me in such lovely rhyme What I should now resolve to do If I were you.

—Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.

INDIAN CHIP CARVING.

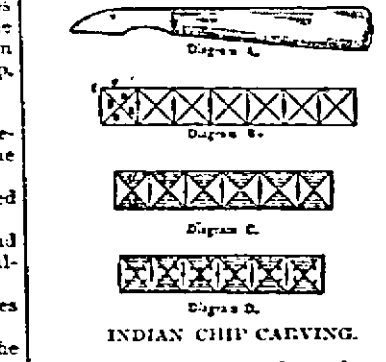
Splendid Pastime for Boys Who Know How to Handle a Knife.

The art of Indian chip carving is one which is just now coming much into favor and it is really, for small articles, even more effective than the relief carving which has been in vogue for many years.

Chip carving has also the advantage of being easier to learn and of requiring only one tool and, as the chips are small and so easily kept together and the wood does not need to be clamped onto the table, it can be done even in the drawing-room, and a small article, such as a photograph frame or matchbox, is as nice as a piece of needlework to take with one when paying a visit.

The only tool required is a small knife, as shown in diagram A, costing about 25 cents, though, of course, a pair of compasses, pencil and ruler are necessary to draw one's own designs, and to anyone with a taste for geometrical drawing this is almost as interesting as the carving. The wood used must be close-grained and soft, as no mallet can be used; white lime and sycamore being the best, though it can be done in other kinds.

In beginning it is best to take some simple pattern, such as is shown in diagram B, which will easily be seen is composed of small squares crossed from corner to corner. Grasp the knife firmly in the right hand, using your left hand to guide and keep it steady. Press the point of the knife deeply into the center of the square and cut down the line A, making the cut gradually shallower toward the corner of the square.



INDIAN CHIP CARVING.

Note that this cutting down does not mean drawing the knife down the line, but simply pressing it down onto the line. When cutting down a line which is longer than the knife the point must be pressed into the center and drawn down the line. Proceed in the same way with lines B, C and D, and so on with all the squares.

In cutting down these lines the blade of the knife must be pressed perfectly straight into the wood or the point is liable to break. Then put the point of your knife in at E, keeping the blade nearly flat against the wood, and draw it down the line F, gradually pressing the point into the center of the square, so as to entirely detach the triangular piece of wood. It will be seen by diagram G that when all these triangular pieces (G) have been taken a line of diamond-shaped pieces will be left. Then with the point of your knife make a small straight cut in each side of the diamond, slanting toward the center, and a small slanting cut into the straight one (diamond D), and you will have a very pretty and effective little border.

The depth of the pattern described should be about one-eighth of an inch in the deepest parts.—Chicago News.

Remarkable Bird Story.

A sparrow flew into one of the large rooms at the Burlington shops at Burlington, Ia., the other day, and, getting too near one of the wheels, was sucked in. The workmen saw it and supposed that it was instantly killed, as the wheel was revolving at the rate of 120 revolutions a minute. When the machinery was shut down at noon a gentle chip was heard from the wheel, and when one of the workmen looked the sparrow was there, still alive. It had clung to the strengthening rod inside the wheel, and was so dazed it could not fly. It was picked up and placed on a table, where it recovered in a short time and flew away. The wheel made 21,000 revolutions while the bird was clinging to it, and the sparrow had traveled more than 72 miles in that manner.

Choice of Brides.

"Men and women are so different." "Yes?"

"When a woman gets in trouble she takes to her bed." "Well?"

"And when a man gets in trouble he takes to his heels."—Chicago Record.

REAL DUTCH PARTY.

All the Child Guests Were Dressed in Holland Gowns.

Queen Wilhelmina will be 19 years old next fall, and in honor of the event the Hollanders are beginning to get ready to celebrate, for on her 19th birthday the little queen ascends the throne to rule for herself. Meanwhile Dutch things are coming in and Dutch fancy dress parties are becoming quite the fashion among little girls.

A little maid, aged seven years, gave such a party upon her birthday last



THE GOWN OF THE HOSTESS.

month, which came upon Wilhelmina's own birthday. All were asked to come in Dutch dress.

The little maid received her guests in a gown of old-fashioned figured tulip-tree, which was made with round waist and full-gathered skirt coming to the floor. The sleeves were small elbow puffs.

The cap of the little maid was tight-fitting to the head and finished around the neck with a white ruffle in true Dutch girl fashion.

The feast was served upon blue Dutch delft and the little hostess gave to each guest a delft souvenir.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.

Her Song Was Clear Enough to Be Heard Distinctly.

A good deal of skepticism prevails as to the fact of there being singing mice, but, having kept such a youngster for four years, an English gentleman is in a position to speak with authority.

She was caught in a coal mine, was brought to the surface and handed over to the narrator. Thus commenced an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy, and which was only terminated by her death. There was no doubt about her song—a pretty, bird-like warble, rising and falling alternately, and of sufficient power to carry from the top to the bottom of the house when all was quiet.

In appearance she was just an ordinary house mouse, with the usual well-groomed whiskers, the beady black eyes and an elegant tapering tail, like the rest of her tribe. It was her song alone which singled her out from the dumb millions of her fellows, and this song she poured out almost without intermission during her waking hours.

The speculations of the learned have been exercised over this matter, and some have thought that bronchitis, produced by narrowing the air passages, produces a noisy wheezing, which enthusiastic admirers have dignified as a song.

Others, with greater probability, have suggested that every mouse is a singing mouse, but that on account of the dullness of our ears we hear only the bass-voiced vocalists, while the shriller melodies of the great majority are unnoticed.

Everyone knows that the squeak of a bat is not heard by everyone, and that one party in a conversation on a country walk may be almost deafened by a chorus of bats, while the other may hear nothing of the noise. Certain it is that dissection reveals nothing abnormal in the vocal apparatus of the singing mouse, and doubtless a very slight difference in the quality of the vocal cords would result in a mouse with a voice sufficiently bass to bring the sound within the compass of our hearing powers.—Golden Days.

Smothered by Fly Paper.

There is danger in many apparently harmless articles, and fly paper seems to be one of these. A family, having been greatly troubled with flies, distributed a lot of sticky fly papers around the house. The next day, a little boy just learning to walk, while at play, tripped and fell, his face sticking on a piece of the fly paper. The parents were out of the room, and the little one, in trying to remove the paper, only succeeded in getting it tightly sealed around his mouth and nostrils, thus shutting off his breath. By the merest chance the mother happened in and saved the child from suffocation. Even then it was necessary to cut holes in the paper hurriedly to allow breathing until the paper could be soaked off.

Early Days of Kentucky.

Kentucky was formerly a part of Virginia, and was settled by Virginians, who took with them their slaves, their agricultural habits and their military spirit. With the consent of Virginia, Kentucky was separated from that state and admitted to the union in 1792. The people of this country have generally emigrated in pretty straight lines to the westward. As Virginians broke over the mountains into Kentucky, so North Carolinians crossed into the valleys of Tennessee. North Carolina gave up her right to the territory west of the mountains soon after the constitution was formed, and what is now Tennessee was part of the Southwestern Territory, until it was admitted to the union in 1794.

PAINFUL AFFLICTION.

A Son Writes a Letter Telling How His Father Was Troubled.

WINAMORE, IND.—My father was troubled with boils and carbuncles. After suffering for some time, he heard of a similar case cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. He began taking this medicine and continued its use until he was cured. My mother is taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for rheumatism and it is helping her. My sister, Newmark, Box 184. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills

A Home-Grown Experience.

A man went into an icehouse to cool off. An abrupt and impetuous hired man closed and locked the door and went away. The next day was Sunday and the hired man did not come back. While the man who hired him waited for the return of the hired man his object was accomplished in a very thorough manner. He had cooled off, and he had cooled his back, but he had not cooled his head. He had not cooled his blood, and his voice could find no place to escape and sound the alarm. When he grew tired of waiting and swinging his arms to keep warm the chills of ice that were piled around him did not offer a tempting bed. Hunger gnawed at his vitals and refused to be satisfied with diet of ice air. He then settled down like a six-month Arctic night, and the only sound which broke the profound stillness was the man who wanted to cool off trying to swear. The hired man opened the door on Monday morning, and the man who wanted to cool off crawled out more dead than alive. When his tongue had thawed out he began to abuse the hired man. "Fool!" cried the hired man. "Fool, you are a lucky dog and do not know it. Don't waste time in abusing me, your benefactor, but go and write a book of impressions on Alaska." Then the man who wanted to cool off saw that his fortune was made.—Chicago Record.

Sea Dogs on Wheels.

The bicycle fever has broken out in a most unexpected quarter. It is only natural that a landman should take to that speedy method of locomotion, but who would ever think that seamen would get the craze? Perhaps it is because they have become accustomed to rolling. Nearly every British ship that comes into port now carries a bicycle, and the skipper is usually an expert rider. At sea he rides around and around the main deck, and as soon as he reaches port he takes his wheel ashore. Three sea captains were riding in the park the other afternoon. One of them was a novice and confessed his inability to work the tiller so as to sail a straight course. "It is a very good," he declared, "if it just had a little more pitch to it. Ah, that's better," he added, as he struck a stone and pitched off head foremost. The manufacturer who will turn out a bicycle with elliptical wheels will make a hit with seafaring men.—San Francisco Post.

"Alaska," Land of Gold and Glacier.

This is the most valuable publication yet issued by any railway company descriptive of our vast northwestern territory. The maps show each day's trip between Seattle, Sitka, Juneau, Dyea, and the Glaciers, and of the Yukon gold fields. The descriptive part is of extraordinary interest to prospectors, miners, tourists and students. It is beautifully illustrated with views reproduced from photographs. It will be sent to any address for 10 cents in stamps, by F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Incidents.

Medium.—The spirit of your wife is here, and says she never dreamed of such happiness since you two parted.

The Man.—Tell her I feel the same way.—Life.

Crippled, on crutches, from a sprain. Used St. Jacobs Oil. Well again.

At a Disadvantage.

Brown.—I can't see that he's distinguished looking.

Truth.—But his wife is with him now.—Truth.

Culture's Confidant.—"What an air of well-bred repose young Newrich has. 'Yes, but he was naturally lazy to begin with.'—Chicago Record.

Star Tobacco.

Mistress.—What in the world are you putting ashes on the door for, Bridget?"

"Shure, ma'am, an' didn't yer say to doast the parlor?"—Brooklyn Life.

Hit hard, bruised and sick. Used St. Jacobs Oil; cured him quick.

Every man thinks his credit is good.—Washington Democrat.

FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Interview With Mrs. R. A. Lombard.

I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb.

Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it.

I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.

Upon examination, he found there was a Fibroid Tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the tumor had passed away and that day I was gone.—Mrs. R. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass.

Weeks Scale Works,

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AND COTTON SCALERS.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. C. GALT, 1035 So. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

OPIMUM

WHEATLEY'S REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION

"PYRITES SAM."

BY E. E. BOWLES.

WE all thought Pyrites Sam was a fool the very day he struck the camp, but not absolutely certain until the night he came in with his pockets full of pyrites of iron, and taking each man aside, privately informed him, with many injunctions as to secrecy, that he had discovered and located a brass mine. As a rule, we had grown very tired of initiating every tenderfoot that came along into the mysteries of quartz mining, showing them the difference between gold-bearing quartz and country rock; between a true fissure and contact vein; between granite, porphyry, schist, spar, serpentine, quartzite, etc.; of trends, dips, spurs, angles, etc.; of shafts, tunnels, stopes, wires and drifts; of the manipulation of the horn spoon or gold pan; how to distinguish the resultant sediment, if gold, from mica, pyrites or sulphurets; in a word, teaching them in an hour or two all we had learned after years of toil and privation. We had reached this stage of the "tired feeling" when Sam brought in his "brass" specimens, and not a man of us would tell him what it was. "Uh-huh," we said, as he carefully exhibited his deceptive-looking find. What did we think of it? Why, it was a great find, and very high-grade ore—if it was brass. "If—why of course it was brass; look at it; anybody could see what it was. We admitted that they could; yes, anybody that knew anything at all. So we permitted Sam to work away in ignorance of his claim for two weeks—until he received returns from the samples sent to Los Angeles for assay. Then the "Brass Monkey," as Sam called it, shut down, and he went to prospecting again.

He was so persistent and industrious in his determination to "strike it rich" that we finally began to have a fellow feeling for him and to appreciate his pluck; sympathy he did not need. He was jolly and good-natured, and did not drink to excess, and was never known to turn a card for money. In a friendly game in his tent the suggestion of "draw" at only a dollar limit was always met by the quiet statement that he never played for money, that he was raised differently, and, besides, his money "came so hard" that he knew he would be a bad loser. He was always ready with his sympathy when another's ledge "pinched," "petered" or "broke off," and encouraged him all he could; always had a song or a story for a bad night, and in the event of sickness or injury had some simple remedy in the way of poultice that his mother "used to use." In fact, he was one of those happy-go-lucky, light-hearted fellows, handy about camp, and a friend to everybody, but one could not get rid of the impression that he "didn't have any more sense than the law allowed." Therefore, it was accepted as a matter of course, when a tenderfoot struck camp one day in the first stages of desert fever, that Sam should take entire charge of him and dose him with wild sage and "squaw" tea and concoct appetizing dishes with bacon, beans, rice and flour.

As a "tayer," malarial or chagres fever is not to be compared to desert fever. The latter drags along and hangs on day after day, week after week, and, although the patient may be able to crawl about, he is weak, debilitated and nerveless, and "don't care a rattle out of the box" whether he lives or dies. This was the condition of that tenderfoot. During the middle of the day he dragged himself about the camp in the sun, but the remainder of the time he spent in his bunk in his tent. One night, when most of the boys were assembled in the "bedrock," Sam came in, and, going up to the bar, drank alone, contrary to his usual custom, then turned his back on the crowd, leaned his elbow on the bar and gazed out into darkness, at the same time twisting his mustache fiercely as if worrying over something.

"What's wrong, Sam? Patient dead?" some one asked.

"No," said Sam, "but he's a layin' up there wakin' he was. I tell you, pardners, he continued, turning to the crowd, "I've been in hard luck myself—sore all of us, I guess—an' seen others in hard luck, but that poor cuss up there's in the hardest streak of luck I ever see. He's plum down to bedrock an' nary color."

"That's nothin', Sam; we're all been there many a time. What's the matter, out of grub?"

"Now, he ain't out of grub, an' won't be as long as Sam's got any; but it's somebody else. I got a letter for him to-day on the stage an' took it down to him. After he read it he just turned over with his back to me an' laid quiet, but pretty soon I shifted to where I could see his face, an' I'll be derned if he wasn't cryin', yes, sir, cryin' like a baby, he's that weak, you know. I says to him easy like: 'What's the matter, pard?'"

"'Nothin', he says, 'only more hard luck.'"

"'Girl gone back on you?' I said, thinkin' he be cheerful an' makin' up my mind to josh him."

"'No,' he says; 'I had a been letter for her if she had long go. Read that,' he says, an' handed me this," concluded Sam, and he drew a letter from his pocket. It was dated from an Ohio village and read as follows:

"My Own Dear Husband: Your loving letter received yesterday, but it found me, oh, so downhearted and wishing for papa. Dear husband, it seems that our troubles will never end. Mr. Rhoades has changed his mind and will foreclose the mortgage. You know he said before you went away that if we paid the interest he would let it stand while longer. Well, when the mortgage was due I sold the cow and took some of the money you left me to live on and paid the six months' back interest. Now, he says, as the mortgage is due he must have his money and will foreclose. I

tried all the companies and banks to borrow the money to pay him, but they all say that \$2,000 is too big a loan on the place; they won't loan over \$1,500, and he won't take a second mortgage. He says he won't take \$500. Yet it does seem hard, when the place ought to be worth three times \$1,500. I've tried every way to sell it, but I can't get no one to give anything above the mortgage. Everybody knows it is mortgaged, and I am waiting to buy it at a sheriff's sale. Rhoades knows this too, and now he says I will save us lots of trouble and costs if we will give him a quiet claim deed and surrender peaceful possession. I begged him to wait awhile, but after he had learned you had gone out to the mines he said he would not wait a day; that you were on a wild goose chase, and dear husband, he even intimated that he believed you were never coming back to us. That made me angry and I may have said things to him that I should not, but I could not help it. Now, dear husband, I cannot stay here after having sold the cow; there is nothing to do here, you know, except washing and ironing and house cleaning, and I am not strong enough for that. Mrs. Simmons will take Jessie and let her help with the housework and go to school, and I will sell the chickens, pigs and furniture and take Charlie and go to Chicago to try to get sewing or something. It will be, oh, so hard, but it cannot be helped. Now, dear husband, do not worry; we will get along some way. Remember the words of the prophet: 'Once I was young, but now I am old, but never have I seen a rightous forsaken, or their seed being bread.' Now, dear husband, take care of your health, and if you do not find anything out there soon, come back to us, we miss you, oh, so much. Every night Jessie prays for her papa, 'say out in the mines,' and that he may find something rich. You may be sure that I echo her prayers. Write as soon as you get this, dear husband, for I cannot stay here long.

Your loving wife,
"MAGGIE."

This letter was passed around; two or three started to read it aloud, but they broke down, and it was silently passed from one to another. It was well for Mr. Rhoades that he was not in camp.

"He told me all about it," said Sam. "They was five acres in the home place that he got from his father's estate close to town, an' he bought five more joinin', mortgagin' the ten to make up the balance of the money. He'd made it all right, but times got hard, an' first one, then another of them got sick an' he had to keep on a mortgagin'. He see he could never pay out, so he come out here to see if he couldn't strike it, leavin' nearly all the money they had with his wife, an' this cuss Rhoades sayin' that he'd let the mortgage stan' another year, now—derm him. See that stain there? That's from a bunch of apple blossoms that was in the letter; he 'lowed they must a-been from the yellow harvest trees back of the garden, poor cuss. 'Take care of yer health, dear husband,' an' him a-layin' flat on his back up there in his tent, without money enough for a month's grub. 'Come back soon to us'—hum-m. Look here, pardners, let's answer Jessie's prayer, an' show this feller Rhoades whether minin' is chasin' wild geese or not. Mebbe Sam's a dern fool, an' I know he ain't got much money, but he can rustle. I'll go putty nigh my pile on it—there's 50; who's all in on it?" and he slammed two 20s and 10 on the bar. It was just like Sam, and whoever heard an appeal like that go unanswered in a mining camp? There were 50 men in the room, and every man saw Sam's ante, and those that did not have that amount borrowed it from their friends. In a few moments \$2,500 in gold lay piled on the bar. Sam's eyes glistened as he counted the money. "Everybody's in on the game," he said; "won't be paralyzed? Now, pardners, every one of you come down and see what he has to say."

"No nonsense, Sam; you take it down, an' tell us what he says to-morrow."

"No, I'll be derned if I do. Some of you fellers got to come along. I ain't a-goin' to play this hand alone any longer." So three or four of us went with him. Well, there is no use going into details. What would you or any other man say under the circumstances? Finally he wanted to give us a note or send a mortgage back as security, but we laughed at him, and all of us crawled into our blankets that night conscious of having done something that might balance something else on the debit side of the recording angel's ledger. He was too ill to travel alone, and at last, after repeated urgings, Sam was induced to accompany him.

"You can bet your life," said Sam, "that I'll give Mr. Rhoades the camp's respects."

Not long after that my partner and I left the gulch and drifted into Cripple Creek. One day when court was in session we dropped in to see how a court organized under the code operated.

"Well, I'll be d—," muttered my partner as he pointed to the prisoner's dock. There were two men in it, Pyrites Sam and the tenderfoot. The air seemed to grow suddenly close in the courtroom, and we went out.

At noon we went down to the jail, and were allowed to see the prisoners.

"Hello, Sam; how's Rhoades?"

"Hello, hello; how's the boys down at Tough Nut?" and Sam and his partner grinned.

"Look here, Sam, you done the camp up in good shape, and you know we won't equal, but tell us about it."

"Sure; but then they ain't nothin' to tell; this is my partner, an' there was no fever, no Rhoades, no Maggie, no Jessie, no Charlie, no mortgage, no farm, no cow, no—no apple blossoms, no nothin', but just me an' him."

"An' so most of my partner, as we went out. He made a brief mental calculation, then said: 'Sam was there three months an' his partner one, an' they cleaned up twelve hundred an' fifty each; not bad, specially when they was hidin' out from another trick they'd turned.' Across the street I saw a building with swinging doors and red windows. I pointed to it and asked: 'What'll you take, Jack?'

"I 'low it 'll take about four fingers of hot Scotch to settle my stomach,"—and he took it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Lots of men wear tailor-made clothes until they get married; then ready-made clothing is good enough.—Washington Democrat.

SHIPMENT OF MONEY.

Reasons Why Banks Prefer to Remit Funds by Express.

The fact that many southern and eastern banks have recently used the registered mail service for the transmission of currency to and from the banking centers of the country has caused considerable comment. The reason is found in the inability of the banks to secure this year, through the treasury of the United States, the benefit of government contract rates from the express companies. Prior to this year the treasury gladly shipped currency to banks at government rates, in return for gold. In the last contract with the express companies, however, a clause was inserted by which such privileges should be afforded to the banks only when the treasury needed gold.

The secretary of the treasury having decided that the treasury does not need gold now, the banks cannot participate in the advantages of the government contract and to save transmission charges country bankers have directed their city correspondents to make shipments intended for them by registered mail.

The cashier of a large national bank which ships many thousands of dollars every day to its correspondents all over the country, in speaking about this matter with a New York Evening Post reporter, said:

"The conservative banker still prefers to send money by the well-known express companies; but, to save expense, since the government refuses to remit for the banks any longer at government contract rates, the country banks are apparently willing to take the risk of transmission by registered mail with the guarantee of an insurance company's policy for its safe delivery. Notwithstanding, however, the registration and insurance, the risks of sending large sums of money by mail are very great. A package of currency which is forwarded by the registered mail department of the postal service has no distinctive mark indicating its value; a pencil receipt is given for it just the same as for any ordinary letter or package of merchandise. The package of money is thrown in with packages of merchandise of all sorts, and no more care is taken of it than is taken with a box of shoes or a package of gloves. The registry clerk's receipt is not a document that is as well known or as satisfactory as the receipt of the receiving clerk of an express company, and in case of the loss of the package, the delay in the recovery of the money is interminable."

"On the other hand, the express companies locate missing packages of money or make good the loss promptly, without technicalities or delays. They are responsible, and banks run no risk in shipping by them. Their employees are chosen solely on the ground of ability and trustworthiness, and they are therefore more likely to be more accurate and prompt than postal employees, who owe their places, more or less, to politics, notwithstanding the civil service examination. While it is true that by insuring money sent by registered mail there is some guarantee against loss by non-delivery, it is equally true that there is considerable risk of loss if the insurance company stands on technicalities. The slightest informality in the observance of the terms of an open policy issued by an insurance company renders the policy invalid, and would in the case of a missing package cause the loss to fall on the consignor. The technicalities to be observed by a remitting bank in sending money by registered mail when the delivery of the money is insured by one of the local insurance companies are very great compared with the simple but safe methods of the express companies, and unless some new regulations for sending registered mail-conservative New York banks will certainly prefer to ship by express."

The cost of postage and insurance, says the Post, is much less than the usual express charges at what are known as bankers' rates. Few New York bankers, however, would remit money in that way, unless they were directed to do so by their correspondents. They would rather ship it by express, even though it cost more to do so, because they consider it the safer way.

Walter's First Dip.

Walter T—was six years old. He never had seen the ocean. We were to spend the summer at the seaside, and Walter had a new bathing suit. Every boy in the block was invited into the house to see him try it on, and one day we discovered him in the bathtub surrounded by an admiring group of juveniles, to whom he was discoursing about how he would dive from the end of the iron pier when he reached the ocean. When the young man, however, saw the ocean with the great waves rolling on the beach, he could not be induced to go near it, and positively refused to put on his bathing suit. One day his father offered him 50 cents if he would put on his suit and get wet all over once. He wanted the money very much, and he finally consented. Clapping his arms around his father's neck like a vise, the great undertaking was begun. After much shivering and trembling he was wet about two inches above his ankles, when he exclaimed: "Papa! I guess—I will—only—take—ten—cents—worth—this—time."—Crypt.

QUEER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The pang-kou is a small Chinese drum resting on a wooden tripod. It is beaten with common wooden drumsticks.

The kanoon is the favorite instrument among ladies in Turkey. Its shape resembles that of a harp laid flat. It has 22 strings, in sets of three, and is played with a small plectrum.

The Algerian music is produced from seven different kinds of instruments, two being guitars, one a rude violin, two kinds of drums, a clarinet and a flute, all of the most primitive forms.

Seen from the Elevated Road.

Riding on the elevated road gives one an insight into the different modes of existence of the inhabitants along the line. Here are some things the writer caught a passing glimpse of one day recently:

A woman cleaning windows and her careful and fearful spouse seated on the floor looking on to prevent her falling to the street below.

A man shaving himself, while a little boy held a highly polished dishpan, which was officiating as a mirror.

Two babies asleep on a fire escape, while their mother was chasing lice up and down a washboard.

A new colony of colored folk in the once fashionable brownstone front quarter of Fifty-third street, between Sixth and Ninth avenues.

A man and woman, evidently play-actors, thrusting at each other with foils.

A woman learning to ride the wheel on a "bike" suspended in her Louder's—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Perhaps Andrews Was to Blame.

The son of a well-known Providence lawyer came home at the end of his first term in college exulting in the fact that he stood next to the head of his class, says an exchange. His father was less easily satisfied. "Next to the head?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean, sir? I'd like to know what you think I sent you to college for? Next to the head, indeed! Humph! I'd like to know why you aren't at the head, where you ought to be!" The young man was naturally crestfallen, but upon his return to college he went about his work with such ambition that the head of the term found him in the coveted place. He went home very proud, indeed. It was great news. The lawyer contemplated his son for a few moments in silence; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he remarked: "At the head of the class, eh? Humph! That's a fine commentary on Brown university!"—Chicago Tribune.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walling, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No Charge.

It was evident that he was angry, and perhaps he had reason to be. Just as he passed the door of the painting studio, he caught sight of the painter, who was looking at him with a little too vigorously, and the result was disastrous.

"Look at that," he yelled, indicating his coat and making all sorts of violent gestures. The painter looked at it as requested.

"You have a right to look," he said, when his scrutiny was completed. "It's a very un-even piece of work. I won't charge you a cent for it."—Chicago Post.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

He Didn't "Take."

"I went in for amateur photography during my vacation," said the summer man. "There was no end of girls for subjects."

"But how did you make out among the girls?"

"Oh, I got a lot of negatives."—Philadelphia North American.

Give Us Rest.

This is the prayer of the nervous who do not sleep well. Let them use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their prayer will be speedily answered. Insomnia is the product of indigestion and nervousness, two associate ailments, also remedied by the Bitters, which also vanquishes malaria, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

Acting Upon It.

Miss Elder—I have decided to buy a husband.

Miss Tommery—What on earth do you mean?

"That seems to be my only way to get one, and I have always heard that every man has his price."—Judge.

In muscle, joint or bone, anywhere.

Rheumatism is cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

An Uncontentful Life.—"Ever buy a gold brick at half price, noble?" asked the fresh boarder. "No," said the innocent old ruralist. "I never had no chance of that kind yet."—Indianapolis Journal.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 21 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"Mamma, what is a farce?" "A farce! Why, it is the way your father went around and watered all my dried-up plants the morning after I got home."—Detroit Free Press.

It is made for it. St. Jacobs Oil.

Cures Neuralgia—soothes and strengthens.

Some people even think it is something to be proud of if they are in debt heavily to some prominent man.—Washington Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some folks enjoy nothing so much as going around talking stupidly about their neighbors.—Washington Democrat.

It penetrates the sciatic nerve.—St. Jacobs Oil, and cures the pain.

Lots of men would like to get a pension, but not nearly so many want to go to war.—Washington Democrat.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pilo's Cure.—Mary Thompson, 293 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '91.

"Hades must be like a big hotel in the crowded season."—Yes—without fire escapes.—Harkness Life.

A good time to quit a bad habit is when you are out of money.

The muscles stiff; body sore, a sure cure for it in St. Jacobs Oil.

Coughs

that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

"My little daughter was taken with a distressing cough, which for three years defied all the remedies I tried. At length on the urgent recommendation of a friend, I began to give her Dr. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. After using one bottle I found to my great surprise that she was improving. Three bottles completely cured her."—J. A. GRAY, Trav. Salesman Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Is put up in half size bottles at half price . . . 50 cents



Don't drudge.

Use Pearlina.

There is the secret of a comfortable, pleasant, healthy life for women. Don't stand up over the wash-tub, doing that grinding hard work, that isn't fit for any woman. Use Pearlina. Soak the clothes over night, while you sleep; boil them a little; then there's no work to do but to rinse them. Don't make a slave of yourself trying to scrub things clean in the ordinary ways. Use Pearlina, and make all such work easy and quick and more economical.

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ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarogs are the Ideal Laxative. They are made from the purest and most reliable natural materials. Sam-ple and booklet free. A. L. STERLING REMEDY CO., (Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York, N. Y.)

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DO YOU VALUE LIFE?

THEN USE

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THE NORTH WALK MYSTERY

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

AUTHOR OF
"FROM CLUE TO CLIMAX."
"THE LAND OF THE CHANGING SUN."
"ALMOST PERSUADED."
"A MUTE CONFESSOR."
ETC., ETC., ETC.
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Hendricks led the way across the grass to the walk.

"There you are," he said, pointing to tracks in the sand.

"And coming this way, too," added Lampkin.

"They do not go out again, but are lost up there in the middle of the other walk," said the detective. "Doctor, there is a nut to crack. It is the blindest puzzle I ever tackled. The whole thing is in a frightful muddle. I was never in my life so hampered with conflicting circumstances. One minute I smell a rat as big as a barn, and the next the scent is wafted away on a cyclone from an unexpected direction."

As he spoke Hendricks crossed the walk, opened the gate and examined the ground near the sidewalk. Lampkin heard him grunt and crossed over to him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"As I half guessed," answered Hendricks. "A hansom was driven up here last night. I see the wheel marks near the edge of the sidewalk."

"Ah, he came in a hansom, then?" exclaimed the doctor. "That's strange."

"I tell you I'm frightfully mixed, and this complicates matters more than ever," said Hendricks, pointing up the



Hendricks took a folded ruler from his pocket and got down on his knees. "There are the footprints of a man and woman going from the gate toward the house," Hendricks took a folded ruler from his pocket and got down on his knees. He first measured the tracks leading to where the dead man lay and then compared the measurement with those going toward the house.

"Impossible to be accurate in this dry, gravelly sand," he said. "The masculine tracks are very nearly the same size, and that's as near as I can come to it. I shall find out what this means, however, if I work on it the rest of my born days."

"I saw you pick up something beside the body and put it into your pocket, but could not see what it was," said the doctor. "Is it a secret from me?"

The detective laughed good humoredly and put his fingers into his vest pocket.

"Shan't keep a thing from you, old man," he replied. "I'd trust you with my head. Do you see this tiny thing?"

"It looks like the turned end of a match," returned the doctor, allowing Hendricks to drop it into his palm.

"Does it look like an ordinary turned end of a match?" asked Hendricks, warming up to a revelation and smiling joyfully.

"I believe so, except that perhaps it is very short."

"Short? I should think so when less than a quarter of an inch of it has been left unburned. Now imagine it blazing and let me see you hold it between your fingers."

Lampkin made the attempt, holding the bit of wood as near to the end as possible. "It is all I could have done," he said. "And it would have burned my fingers, I am sure. The fellow that struck it must have had a tough cigar to light."

"And been anxious to smoke," added Hendricks tentatively. Then he laughed softly.

"Oh, I see now," began the doctor eagerly, and then he stopped suddenly.

"But, no, Stanwood said he did not strike a match, and Ralph Benton said his father did not smoke."

"The murderer does, though, and passed to light a cigar after he had fired a revolver within 200 yards of a house full of men and women," said Hendricks, with a dry laugh. "At least, that's about all the explanation I can get out of the end of the match. However, there is one thing you have not yet thought of as an explanation for the match having burned down so short."

"What is that?"

"I wonder it did not occur to you that it might have continued to burn on the ground after it fell from the hand of the man who struck it."

"I have always said I was an ass," said Lampkin. "A 2-year-old child could have thought of that."

"Then the 2-year-old child would have been far from the truth," said the detective, enjoying the game he was playing. He held the piece of match between the nail of his thumb and forefinger and extended it toward the doctor. "You see," he began, "that the match has burned evenly all round; no farther on one side than another."

"That's plain," replied Lampkin.

Hendricks returned the tiny bit of wood to his pocket and took a match from his case and struck it.

"Watch this," he said, and when the match was half consumed he laid it

still burning on the ground. The flame was instantly diminished, for only the top of the match continued to burn. Presently it went out, and Hendricks picked it up. "See," he said, with a gratified smile. "The unburned part, owing to the moisture of the earth, is longer where it lay against the sand. When I picked up the match near the body of the dead man, it was lying flat on the sand as this one was just now."

"So you know it was held unusually long in somebody's fingers?" said Lampkin.

"I have still another proof of it."

"What is that?"

Hendricks took out his lens and held it over the piece of match he had found near the corpse.

"If you will look closely," he said, "you'll see slight indentations at the very edge of the fire line on two sides of it."

"I see," exclaimed Lampkin. "They were made by finger nails."

"Exactly," returned the detective, "and nails which were pressed down firmly for some reason or other."

"You are really wonderful," said Dr. Lampkin admiringly. "But what became of the turned, charred part of the match?"

"Good! You are progressing!" cried Hendricks, slapping his companion on the shoulder. "I looked for it. It must have clung a little while to the clothing of the murderer, for I found it on the walk half way between the body and the spot where the tracks ended. I did not pick it up because it could be of no use to me."

Lampkin's brow was contracted thoughtfully.

"What do you deduce from the whole match idea?" he asked.

"Absolutely nothing so far," replied the detective. "Later I may see some reason for a person desiring to see the face of a man he has shot down in the darkness and running the risk of being captured in order to do so."

"That much is certainly interesting," replied Lampkin. "It looks a little as if he were in doubt as to whom he had shot, doesn't it?"

Hendricks stepped from behind the trunk of a big tree to get a view of the spot where the body lay.

"I see quite a crowd over there," he said. "It is Meynell, the coroner, and his men. Let's join them. The inquest, I understand from the chief, was delayed so that I might be present. We get here quicker than was expected, as if I'd wait to take a bath and eat a hot breakfast while such a matter as this was in the wind."

CHAPTER V.

After taking a look at the body and having Hendricks point out the tracks in the sand and the spot where he had found the revolver the coroner and his men went into the house. Ralph had decided, as it would be necessary to hear the testimony of the ladies of the household, to have the inquest held in the library.

Dr. Lampkin saw Hendricks eyeing the different members of the household covertly as they came in and took seats after Mr. Meynell had announced his readiness to proceed with the inquest. Arthur Montcastle and Miss Benton were the last to arrive. They sat on a sofa a little removed from the others of their party.

Charles Stanwood was the first witness called. He testified that he was waked about half past 1 o'clock by Miss Hastings, who informed him she had heard the report of a revolver in the garden from the direction of the north walk. He had dressed hastily and gone down stairs with Miss Hastings, who objected to being left up stairs alone. They had found Mr. Montcastle below with Miss Benton, and Ralph Benton soon afterward joined them.

At this juncture Hendricks, who was sitting beside Mr. Meynell, looked sharply at the pair on the sofa and whispered something into the coroner's ear. The officer nodded and put a question to the witness.

"Do you happen to know which room is usually occupied by Miss Benton?"

"It is directly across the hall from this one," replied Stanwood.

Miss Benton threw a startled glance at Hendricks, and then her eyes met Montcastle's steady, calm gaze. It seemed to Lampkin that it held a warning, for the girl nervously pulled her handkerchief in her hand and stared at the floor.

"And which room was occupied by Mr. Montcastle?" was the coroner's next question.

Miss Benton raised her eyes in a startled way, but Montcastle leaned forward, touched her hand and whispered something to her.

"Mr. Montcastle's room is adjoining Miss Benton's," answered Stanwood. "You were the first to approach the dead man, I think, Mr. Stanwood, were you not?" continued Mr. Meynell.

"I was," replied the witness.

Again Hendricks suggested a question to the coroner.

"Was Mr. Benton quite dead when you discovered him in the garden?" asked Mr. Meynell.

"Yes, and quite cold," was the reply. "Miss Hastings said she had heard the report about an hour before she waked me. She did not attach much importance to it at first, but as she had heard Mr. Jacob Benton leave his room

and he had not returned she finally became uneasy about him."

"May I ask the witness some questions?" asked the detective.

"Certainly, as many as you like," answered the coroner.

"Did you touch the body?" asked Hendricks.

"I opened his shirt and laid my hand on his heart to see if life were wholly extinct," was the answer.

"When you and Miss Hastings came down stairs, you say you found Mr. Montcastle and Miss Benton up?"

"Yes."

"Where were they?" asked the detective.

"They were in the back yard, or rather they were coming in from the side veranda."

"I think that will do for the present, Mr. Stanwood," said Hendricks. He turned to the coroner. "I believe, Mr. Meynell, I should next call Mr. Montcastle."

Montcastle did not rise, but simply signified his readiness to testify by a nod of the head.

"Please tell us, Mr. Montcastle," said Hendricks, a strange sparkle of expectation in his eyes. "If you heard the report of a revolver in the garden last night."

"I—I did not," said Montcastle, stammering.

"Then you were not waked by it?"

"No, I was not."

Hendricks' brows came together in a thoughtful frown, and then he astonished Dr. Lampkin by saying, "That will do, Mr. Montcastle," and then to the coroner. "Please call Miss Benton next."

The young woman started to rise, but Montcastle whispered something to her, and she sank back on the sofa, looking pale, fatigued and excited.

"Did you hear the report of a revolver in the garden last night?" asked the detective.

"I don't think—no, I did not," was the reply.

"You could not have been awake when it was fired, then?" said Hendricks interrogatively.

"I don't know, sir. I presume—"

The girl's eyes met Montcastle's, and she did not finish. Hendricks lit his lip and pulled his beard. Then he surprised Lampkin by asking a question in an indifferent tone, which seemed quite irrelevant to the subject.

"Do you know, Miss Benton, who informed the police of the murder?"

"My brother, I think," replied the young lady.

"Thank you. That will do," said the detective. He leaned back in his chair and seemed to have his mind on something a thousand miles away.

The coroner next called for the testimony of Miss Hastings.

"You were waked by the report, I believe, Miss Hastings?" he began.

"I was not. I was already awake," said Miss Hastings.

Hendricks seemed to pull himself together suddenly. He bent forward and whispered to Mr. Meynell.

"Were you waked by something else, or had you not gone to sleep?" questioned Mr. Meynell.

A look of hesitation crossed the face of the witness. She glanced hurriedly at Ralph Benton, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece, and started to speak, but seemed unable to formulate a reply.

The coroner repeated his question, glancing at Hendricks as if for approval.

"I was waked by voices in Mr. Benton's room," said Miss Hastings.

"When was that?" asked Mr. Meynell.

"About 20 minutes before I heard Mr. Benton—Mr. Joseph Benton—go down stairs."

"Did you recognize the voices?" put in Hendricks, with an apologetic nod to Mr. Meynell.

Again Miss Hastings' eyes crossed over to Ralph Benton, but he was not looking at her.

"Only Mr. Jacob Benton's," said the witness.

"Could you hear what he was saying?"

"Only a few words here and there."

"What were some of the words?" went on Hendricks firmly.

"I think I heard him say once—it seemed to be when the door was opened



Montcastle whispered something to her, for some one to pass out—that he would discuss somebody the next day."

"Can you recall the exact words?" asked Hendricks, his eyes twinkling.

"I think so said: 'You are no child of mine. I shall discuss you tomorrow.'"

Ralph Benton was idly examining a pipe which he had taken from the mantelpiece. He did not seem to be listening to what the witness was saying.

"You say the door was opened," said Hendricks. "Did any one pass out?"

"I think so, sir," replied Miss Hastings. "I heard some one descending the front stairs near my door."

"And after that?" went on Hendricks.

"After that?"

"I heard Mr. Jacob Benton walking about in his room for perhaps 25 minutes. Then he went into his laboratory and then descended the rear steps, which lead to the garden."

"How long was it after he descended the stairs before you heard the report?" asked Hendricks.

"Only two or three minutes," was the reply.

"I believe that is all I wish to ask the witness," said Hendricks to the coroner.

Mr. Meynell told Miss Hastings that she might sit down, and then he asked Mary and Jane, the two housemaids, some questions. Neither of them had been waked by the report of the revolver, nor had either heard the tell when Miss Hastings rang. They did not know who had wanted them till after the police had been called in. Early in the evening they had been told by Miss Benton that they need not stay up; that she and Mr. Montcastle were going to finish a game of chess. Miss Benton had promised to see to the lights and close the house.

The coroner called for the testimony of Wilson, the gardener, and Edward Jarragin, the coachman. They confessed to having drunk a good deal of beer the previous night, which perhaps had made them sleep more soundly than usual and caused them not to hear the revolver, though the room they occupied over the stable, in the lower part of the grounds, was near enough for the report to have reached them.

The coroner was asking them some unimportant questions when Hendricks rose and tipped across the room to Lampkin.

"Will you do something for me?" he asked.

"Gladly," replied the doctor.

Hendricks lowered his voice to a whisper:

"Go to the nearest office and telegraph Johnson to bring the best bloodhound I have. Then meet me here."

"All right," Lampkin picked up his hat and rose.

"Stay," said Hendricks, following him to the door. "While you are out you'd better eat something. I shall do without till later."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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